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THE AMERICAN SCHOOL READERS

FOURTH READER

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SIR CLEGES

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL READERS

FOURTH READER

BY

KATE F. OSWELL, B.A.

AND

C. B. GILBERT

FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
ST. PAUL, NEWARK, ROCHESTER
AUTHOR OF "THE SCHOOL AND ITS LIFE," "STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE," "GUIDE BOOKS TO ENGLISH," "THE GILBERT ARITHMETICS," ETC., ETC.

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AND ESTHER J. PECK

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PREFACE

Book Five, the Fourth Reader, of the American School Readers Series, is intended for the fourth year of the ordinary graded school course. It is a book of choice literature for children, graded with extreme care.

The authors believe that they have put before the children in this book a better collection of literature suited to the ten-year-old boy and girl than is found in any other book upon the market.

The literature is drawn from the realms both of fancy and of fact, in proportions approved by the latest psychological researches.

Poetry, as in the other readers, is given much space and is selected with great care.

There is about the literature in this book an element of "go" which children at this age especially need. There are several humorous selections, and all the selections are of the highest grade from standard authors. There are no "made up" stories.

The grading is very careful indeed. None of the difficult selections commonly found in higher readers,

good in themselves but unattentive to the children who are to read the book, are here given.

The authors acknowledge the courteous permission of Charles Scribner's Sons to use Eugene Field's "Fido's Little Friend," and of The Macmillan Company to use a selection from "Tommy-Anne" by Mabel Osgood Wright; "Timothy's Shoes" and a selection from "Benjy in Beastland" by Mrs. J. H. Ewing; also "The Close Alliance" and "The Jackal and the Iguana" by Mrs. F. A. Steele.

They also gratefully acknowledge the valuable criticisms of the manuscript made by Professor Edwin Mims of the University of North Carolina and by Dr. J. H. Phillips, Superintendent of Schools, Alabama.

Teachers will find additional "Questions for Study" in the appendix, pages 313–319.

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FOURTH READER

FOURTH READER

THE GOOD KNIGHT AND THE KING

Long, long ago, in the days of King Uther, the father of King Arthur, there lived the good knight, Sir Cleges.

Sir Cleges had been once very rich, but he was so kind hearted and generous and gave so much to the poor that before many years had passed he had nothing left for his wife and children. So he stayed away from the royal court, where at first he was greatly missed by the King and the courtiers. But at length he was well-nigh forgotten.

But Sir Cleges and his family did not complain, for they hoped, each day, that some good thing would happen and they would again have plenty.

Now it was not long before Christmastide, and Sir Cleges became very unhappy and

sad, for always at Christmas he had given most generously to all the poor. But this Christmas he had nothing to give, so he went out into his garden and wandered about trying not to think of his poverty.

His good wife saw him wandering up and down and went out to him and put her arms about him; she kissed him and begged him to forget his troubles and to come into the house and eat what there was, even though it was poor and scanty. The good knight went in with his wife; he ate the meager supper and played with his children, and they all went to bed merry and happy.

Next morning Sir Cleges was up early and went to church. On his way home he thought how much he still had to be thankful for. He had come to the old cherry tree in front of his home, which stood covered with snow. He knelt down and thanked God for his goodness to him and asked God's blessing on himself and family. Then he reached out and pulled himself up by one of the low branches of the tree. Suddenly the whole tree became green, and ripe red cherries hung from the branches.

Sir Cleges was so astounded that he called his wife to come and see.

"Christmas cherries! Christmas cherries!" cried she. "Put them into a basket and take them to King Uther!"

Sir Cleges put the cherries into a basket. As you know, he was very poor, his clothes were old and rusty, his hat was broken and torn, his stick was crooked and battered; yet he took the basket on his arm and trudged off to King Uther's castle.

When he reached the gate of King Uther's castle, there stood a great burly gatekeeper who shouted out, "What do you want here, old man?"

Sir Cleges replied, "Cherries! Christmas cherries for the King!"

When the gatekeeper saw the wonderful red cherries, he knew that the King would give the old man a great gift in return for them; so the gatekeeper let him pass only after Sir Cleges had promised to give him a third of what King Uther gave him.

Then Sir Cleges went through the great gate and up to the door of the hall. "Who's

there, and what do you want?" shouted the doorkeeper.

"Cherries! Christmas cherries for the King!" replied Sir Cleges.

Now when the doorkeeper saw the wonderful ripe red cherries, he let the old man pass only after Sir Cleges had promised to give him a third of King Uther's gift.

Next Sir Cleges met the steward, who shouted more loudly and roughly than the others, "Get you out of here." But Sir Cleges cried out, "Cherries! Christmas cherries for King Uther!" Then the steward willingly let him pass on after Sir Cleges had promised to give him, too, a third of what King Uther gave to him.

Then Sir Cleges passed into the King's chamber, and, kneeling down before the great King, offered the cherries to him.

"Cherries! Christmas cherries!" exclaimed the King, and he was much delighted and bade the old man to ask whatever he wished most.

Now although Sir Cleges' clothes were old and worn, he was at the same time a great knight and was very angry at the manner in

which he had been treated. So he immediately asked the King for "twelve blows to be dealt upon whomsoever he pleased."

Now King Uther was a good king, and did not like to grant cruel blows, but as he had promised and given his word before the court, he could not take it back. So he gave to Sir Cleges the "twelve strokes to be dealt upon whomsoever he pleased."

Then Sir Cleges turned and entered the long hall where all the lords and ladies were assembled. He walked straight over to the steward and struck him four mighty blows, which was his third of the King's great gift. The steward reeled and fell to the floor.

Sir Cleges then strode on until he came to the doorkeeper, and struck him four mighty blows, which was his third of the King's great gift. The doorkeeper reeled and fell to the floor, too.

Past the fallen doorkeeper and out upon the gatekeeper he came; four mighty blows Sir Cleges served him, and he, like the steward and the doorkeeper, received his third of the King's great gift, and fell sprawling on the floor.

Sir Cleges, having kept his promise, smiled to himself and turned back to speak with the King. When he reached the hall, there sat the King listening to a wonderful harper.

Now when Sir Cleges was rich and lived in a castle, this same harper had lived at his court. Sir Cleges had always been most kind to him. To his surprise the harper was singing praises of Sir Cleges to the King.

The King looked upon Sir Cleges and at once knew his long absent knight. Great was King Uther's joy, and he laughed and grew merry as Sir Cleges told him how he had used his "twelve strokes."

The King ordered new clothes of gold and silver cloth for the hero, and he sent fifty noble knights to bring Sir Cleges' wife and children to the royal castle, where they all spent the rest of their days happily with the King.

Old English Tale (*Thirteenth Century*).

Find out all you can about Knights, how they dressed, how they lived, and what their chief occupation was. Write a story about a Knight.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap.
"I can earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,

That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the
while,
"Farewell! and happy be,
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee,
Such men as thou art England's boast,
O Miller of the Dee!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

There were once five and twenty tin soldiers, who were all brothers, for they had been made out of the same old tin spoon. They shouldered arms and looked straight before them. They wore splendid red and blue uniforms. The first thing in the world they ever heard were the words, "Tin soldiers!", uttered by a little boy, who clapped his hands with delight when the lid of the box in which they lay was taken off. They were given him for a birthday present, and

he stood at the table to set them up. The soldiers were all exactly alike, except one, who had only one leg. He had been left till the last, and then there was not enough of the melted tin to finish him; but he stood just as firmly on one leg as the others did on two, and on that account he was very noticeable.

The table on which the tin soldiers stood was covered with other playthings, but the most attractive one was a pretty little paper castle. Through the small windows, the rooms could be seen. In front of the castle, a number of little trees surrounded a piece of looking glass, which was intended to represent a transparent[1] lake. Swans, made of wax, swam on the lake, and were reflected in it. All this was very pretty, but the prettiest of all was a tiny little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle. She, also, was made of paper, and she wore a dress of the thinnest muslin, with a narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders just like a scarf. In the middle of this was fixed a glittering tinsel rose, as large as her whole face.

[1] *Transparent*, clear like glass.

The little lady was a dancer, and she stretched out both her arms, and raised one of her legs so high that the tin soldier could not see it at all, and he thought that she, like himself, had only one leg.

"That is the wife for me," he thought; "yet she is too grand, and lives in a castle, while I have only a box to live in, five and twenty of us all together; that is no place for her. Still I must try to make her acquaintance."

Then he laid himself at full length on the table behind a snuffbox that stood upon it, so that he could peep at the delicate little lady who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, the other tin soldiers were all placed in the box, and the people of the house went to bed. Then the playthings began to have their own games together, to pay visits, to have sham fights, and to give balls. The tin soldiers rattled in their box; they wanted to get out and join the amusements, but they could not open the lid. The nutcrackers played at leapfrog, and the pencil jumped

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

about the table. There was such a noise that the canary woke up and began to talk, and in poetry, too.

Only the tin soldier and the dancer remained in their places. She stood on the tip of one toe, with her arms stretched out, as firmly as he did on his one leg. He never took his eyes from her even for a moment. The clock struck twelve, and, with a bounce, up sprang the lid of the snuffbox; but, instead of snuff, there jumped up a little black goblin[1]; for the snuffbox was a toy puzzle.

"Tin soldier," said the goblin, "don't wish for what does not belong to you."

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear. "Very well; wait till tomorrow, then," said the goblin.

When the children came in the next morning, they placed the tin soldier in the window. Now, whether it was the goblin that did it, or the draft, at all events the window flew open, and out fell the tin soldier, heels over head, from the third story, into the street beneath. It was a terrible fall,

[1] *Goblin*, a mischievous spirit, usually ugly to look at.

for he came head downwards; his helmet and his bayonet stuck in between the flagstones, and his one leg up in the air. The servant maid and the little boy went downstairs directly to look for him; but, although once they nearly trod upon him, they did not see him. If he had called out, "Here I am," it would have been all right; but he was too proud to cry out for help while he wore a uniform.

Presently it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, till there was a heavy shower. When it was over, two boys happened to pass by, and one of them said: "Look, there is a tin soldier! He ought to have a boat to sail in."

So they made a boat out of a newspaper, and placed the tin soldier in it, and sent him sailing down the gutter, while the two boys ran by the side of it, and clapped their hands. How terrible it was! what large waves arose in that gutter! and how fast the stream rolled on! The rain had been very heavy.

The paper boat rocked up and down, and turned itself round sometimes so quickly that the tin soldier trembled; yet he re-

mained firm; his countenance[1] did not change; he looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket. Suddenly the boat shot under a bridge which crossed the drain, and then it was as dark as the tin soldier's box.

"Where am I going now?" thought he. "This is the black goblin's fault, I am sure. Ah, well, if the little lady were only here with me in the boat, I should not care for any darkness."

Suddenly there appeared a great water rat, which lived in the drain.

"Have you a passport[2]?" asked the rat; "give it to me at once." But the tin soldier remained silent, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat sailed on, and the rat followed it. How he did gnash his teeth and cry out to the bits of wood and straw, "Stop him, stop him! He has not paid toll, and has not shown his pass."

But the stream rushed on stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already see

[1] *Countenance*, face.
[2] *Passport*, permission to pass.

daylight where the arch ended. Then he heard a roaring sound quite terrible enough to frighten the bravest man. It was only the gutter emptying into a large drain at the end of the tunnel; but that was as dangerous to him as a high waterfall would be to us.

He was too close to it to stop. The boat rushed on, and the poor tin soldier could only hold himself as stiff as possible, without moving an eyelid, to show that he was not afraid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and then filled with water to the very edge; nothing could save it from sinking. He now stood up to his neck in water, while deeper and deeper sank the boat, and the paper became soft and loose with the wet. At last the water closed over the soldier's head. He thought of the pretty little dancer whom he should never see again, and the words of the song sounded in his ears:

"Farewell, warrior! ever brave,
Drifting onward to thy grave."

Then the paper boat fell to pieces, and the soldier sank into the water, and immediately afterwards was swallowed up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was inside the fish! a great deal darker than in the drain, and narrower, too, but the tin soldier continued firm, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket. The fish swam to and fro, making the most fearful movements, but at last he became quite still.

After a while, a flash of lightning seemed to pass through him, and then the daylight appeared, and a voice cried out, "I declare, here is the tin soldier!" The fish had been caught, taken to the market, and sold to the cook, who had taken him into the kitchen and cut him open with a large knife.

She picked up the soldier and held him by the waist between her finger and thumb, and carried him into another room, where the people were all anxious to see this wonderful soldier who had traveled about inside a fish; but he was not at all proud.

They placed him on the table, and — how many curious things do happen in the world! — there he was in the very same room from the window of which he had fallen. There were the same children, the same playthings standing on the table, and the fine castle

with the pretty little dancer at the door. She still balanced herself on one leg and held up the other; she was as firm as himself. It touched the tin soldier so much to see her that he almost wept tin tears, but he kept them back. He looked at her, but said nothing.

Presently one of the little boys took up the tin soldier, and threw him into the stove. He had no reason for doing so, therefore it must have been the fault of the black goblin who lived in the snuffbox.

The flames lighted up the tin soldier as he stood; the heat was very terrible, but whether it proceeded[1] from the real fire or from the fire of love, he could not tell. The bright colors of his uniform were faded, but whether they had been washed off during his journey, or from the effects of his sorrow, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, and she looked at him. He felt himself melting away, but he still remained firm, with the gun on his shoulder.

Suddenly the door of the room flew open, and the draft of air caught up the little

[1] *Proceeded,* came.

dancer. She fluttered like a sylph[1] right into the stove by the side of the tin soldier, was instantly in flames, and was gone. The tin soldier melted down into a lump, and the next morning, when the servant took the ashes out of the stove, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. Of the little dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, which was burned black as a cinder.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Mr. Andersen has told this story so well that we really sympathize with the little tin soldier as if it were a real soldier.

Write a story about some toy or other object, making it as real as possible.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe in this nest of ours,

[1] *Sylph*, fairy.

Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creatures, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee."

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,

Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering food for the hungry brood.
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be

Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone.
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Did you ever see and hear a bobolink?
What are your favorite birds?
Try to imitate in words the song of one.

THE CLOSE ALLIANCE

One day a farmer went with his oxen to plow his field. He had just turned the first furrow, when a tiger walked up to him, and said: "Peace be with you, my friend! How are you this fine morning?"

"The same to you, my lord, and I am pretty well, thank you!" returned the farmer, quaking with fear, but thinking it wisest to be polite.

"I am glad to hear it," replied the tiger, cheerfully, "because Providence has sent me to eat your two oxen. You are a good man, I know, so make haste and unyoke them."

"My friend, are you sure you are not making a mistake?" asked the farmer, whose courage had returned now that he knew it was merely a question of gobbling up oxen; "because Providence[1] sent me to plow this field, and, in order to plow, one must have oxen. Had you not better go and make further inquiries?"

"There is no occasion for delay, and I

[1] *Providence*, God.

should be sorry to keep you waiting," returned the tiger. "If you will unyoke the oxen, I will be ready in a moment."

With that the savage creature fell to sharpening his teeth and claws in a very significant manner.

But the farmer begged and prayed that his oxen might not be eaten, and promised that if the tiger would spare them he would give in exchange a fine, fat young cow, which his wife had tied up in the yard at home.

To this the tiger agreed, and, taking the oxen with him, the farmer went sadly homewards. Seeing him return so early from the fields, his wife, who was a busy, stirring woman, called out, "What, lazybones, back already, and my work just beginning!"

Then the farmer explained how he had met the tiger, and how, to save the oxen, he had promised the cow in exchange. At this his wife began to cry, saying: "Likely story, indeed! saving your stupid old oxen at the expense of my beautiful cow! Where will the children get milk? and how can I cook my pottage and chops without butter?"

"All very fine, wife," retorted the farmer; "but how can we make bread without corn? and how can you have corn without oxen to plow the fields? Pottage and chops are very nice, but it is better to do without milk and butter than without bread; so make haste and untie the cow."

"You great simpleton!" wept the wife, "if you had an ounce of sense in your brain, you would think of some plan to get out of the scrape!"

"Think yourself!" cried the husband, in a rage.

"Very well!" returned the wife; "but if I do the thinking, you must obey orders; I cannot do both. Go back to the tiger; tell him the cow would not come with you, but that your wife is bringing her."

The farmer, who was a great coward, did not half like the idea of going back empty handed to the tiger, but, as he looked at his wife, he thought it best to go. He found the beast still sharpening his teeth and claws for very hunger; and when he heard that he had to wait still longer for his dinner, he began to prowl about, and lash

THE CLOSE ALLIANCE

his tail and curl his whiskers in a most dreadful manner, causing the poor farmer's knees to knock together with terror.

Now, when the farmer had left the house, his wife went to the stable and saddled the pony; then she put on her husband's best clothes, tied the turban very high, so as to make her look as tall as possible, bestrode the pony, and set off to the field where the tiger was.

She rode along, swaggering[1] and blustering,[2] till she came to where the lane turned into the field, and then she called out, as bold as brass, "Now, please the powers! I may find a tiger in this place; for I have not tasted tiger's meat since yesterday, when, as luck would have it, I ate three for breakfast."

Hearing these words, and seeing the speaker ride boldly at him, the tiger became so alarmed that he turned and bolted into the forest, going away at such a headlong pace that he nearly overturned his own jackal; for a tiger always has a jackal of

[1] *Swaggering*, boasting noisily.
[2] *Blustering*, making a great fuss.

his own, who, as it were, waits at table, and clears away the bones.

"My lord! my lord!" cried the jackal, "whither away so fast?"

"Run! Run!" panted the tiger; "there is a terrible horseman in yonder fields, who thinks nothing of eating three tigers for breakfast!"

At this the jackal sniggered in his sleeve. "My dear lord," said he, "the sun has dazzled your eyes! That was no horseman, but only the farmer's wife dressed up as a man!"

"Are you quite sure?" asked the tiger, pausing.

"Quite sure, my lord," replied the jackal; "and if your lordship's eyes had not been dazzled by the — ahem! — the sun, your lordship would have seen her pig-tail hanging down behind."

"But you may be mistaken!" persisted the cowardly tiger; "it was a terrible horseman to look at!"

"Who is afraid?" replied the brave jackal. "Come, don't give up your dinner because of a woman!"

"But you may be bribed to betray me!" argued the tiger, who, like all cowards, was suspicious.

"Let us go together, then!" returned the gallant jackal.

"Nay, but you may take me there and then run away!" insisted the tiger, cunningly.

"In that case, let us tie our tails together, and then I cannot!" The jackal, you see, was determined not to be done out of his bones.

To this the tiger agreed, and, having tied their tails together in a reef knot,[1] the pair set off arm in arm.

"Run!" cried the farmer; "we are lost! we are lost!"

"Nothing of the kind, you coward!" answered his wife, coolly, "if you will only stop that noise and be quiet. I cannot hear myself speak!"

She waited till the pair was within hail, when she called out politely: "How very kind of you, dear Mr. Jackal, to bring me such a nice fat tiger! I shall not be a moment finishing my share of him, and then you may have the bones!"

[1] *Reef knot*, a sailor's hard knot.

At these words the tiger became wild with fright, and quite forgetting the jackal, and that reef knot in their tails, he bolted away full tilt, dragging the jackal behind him. Bumpety, bump, bump, over the stones! crash, scratch, patch, through the briers!

In vain the poor jackal howled and shrieked to the tiger to stop; the noise behind him only frightened the coward more; and away he went, helter skelter, hurry scurry, over hill and dale, till he was nearly dead with fatigue, and the jackal was quite dead from bumps and bruises.

Hindu Tale, F. A. Steele.

Who was the greater coward, the man or the tiger?

In Oriental stories the tiger is always cowardly. Can you see a reason for it?

A SONG — THE BLUEBIRD

The bluebird is whistling in Hillibee grove, —
Terra-re! Terra-re!
His mate is repeating the tale of his love, —

Terra-re!
But never that song,
As its notes fleet along,
So sweet and so soft in its raptures can be,
As thy low whispered words, young chieftain, to me.

Deep down in the dell is a clear crystal stream,
Terra-re! Terra-re!
Where, scattered like stars, the white pebbles gleam,
Terra-re!
But deep in my breast,
Sweet thoughts are at rest,
No eye but my own in their beauty shall see;
They are dreams, happy dreams, young chieftain, of thee.

The honey bud blooms, when the springtime is green,
Terra-re! Terra-re!
And the fawn with the roe, on the hilltop is seen,
Terra-re!

But 'tis spring all the year,
When my loved one is near,
And his smiles are like bright beaming blossoms to me,
Oh! to rove o'er the hilltop, young chieftain, with thee!

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

THE JACKAL AND THE LIZARD

One moonlight night, a miserable, half starved jackal, skulking through the village, found a worn out pair of shoes in the gutter. They were too tough for him to eat, so, determined to make some use of them, he strung them to his ears like earrings, and, going down to the edge of the pond, gathered all the old bones he could find together, and built a platform with them, plastering it over with mud.

On this he sat in a dignified attitude, and when any animal came to the pond to drink, he cried out in a loud voice: "Hi! stop! You must not taste a drop until you have done homage[1] to me. So repeat these

[1] *Homage*, honor.

verses, which I have composed in honor of the occasion:

'Silver is his dais,[1] plastered o'er with gold;
In his ears are jewels; some prince I must behold!'"

Now, as most of the animals were very thirsty, and in a great hurry to drink, they did not care to dispute the matter, but gabbled off the words without a second thought. Even the royal tiger, treating it as a jest, repeated the jackal's rhyme, in consequence of which the latter became quite conceited, and really began to believe he was a personage of great importance.

By and by a big lizard came waddling and wheezing down to the water, looking for all the world like a baby alligator.

"Hi! you there!" sang out the jackal; "you mustn't drink until you have said:

'Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold;
In his ears are jewels; some prince I must behold!'"

"Pouf! pouf! pouf!" gasped the lizard.

[1] *Dais*, raised platform.

THE JACKAL AND THE LIZARD

"Mercy on us, how dry my throat is! Mightn't I have just a wee sip of water first? And then I could do justice to your admirable lines; at present I am as hoarse as a crow!"

"By all means!" replied the jackal, with a gratified smirk. "I flatter myself the verses are good, especially when well recited."

So the lizard, nose down into the water, drank away, until the jackal began to think he would never leave off, and was quite taken aback when he finally came to an end of his drinking, and began to move away.

"Hi! hi!" cried the jackal, recovering his presence of mind; "stop a bit and say:

'Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold;
In his ears are jewels; some prince I must behold!"

"Dear me!" replied the lizard, politely, "I was very nearly forgetting! Let me see — I must try my voice first — do, re, me, fa, sol, la; so,— that is right! Now how does it run?"

"Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold;
In his ears are jewels; some prince I must behold!"

repeated the jackal, not observing that the lizard was carefully edging farther and farther away.

"Exactly so," returned the lizard; "I think I could say that!" Whereupon he sang out at the top of his voice:

"Bones make up his dais, with mud it's plastered o'er;
Old shoes are his eardrops; a jackal, nothing more!"

And, turning round, he bolted for his hole as hard as he could.

The jackal could scarcely believe his ears, and sat dumb with astonishment. Then, rage lending him wings, he flew after the lizard, who, despite his short legs and scanty breath, put his best foot foremost, and scuttled away at a great rate.

It was a near race, however, for, just as he popped into his hole, the jackal caught him by the tail and held on. Then it was a case

of " pull butcher, pull baker," until the lizard made certain his tail must come off, and the jackal felt as if his front teeth would come out. Still not an inch did either budge, one way or the other, and there they might have remained till the present day, had not the lizard called out, in his sweetest tones: " Friend, I give in! Just let go of my tail, will you? Then I can turn round and come out."

Whereupon the jackal let go, and the tail disappeared up the hole in a twinkling; while all the reward the jackal got for digging away, until his nails were nearly worn out, was hearing the lizard sing softly:

" Bones make up his dais, with mud it's plastered o'er;
Old shoes are his eardrops; a jackal, nothing more! "

Hindu Tale, F. A. STEELE.

In Oriental tales the jackal is usually clever enough to get the better of the other beasts, but here he is outwitted by the dull lizard. What made it possible for him to appear so foolish?

Can you recall any proverb that expresses this?

ALICE BRAND

I

Merry it is in the good greenwood
When the mavis[1] and merle[1] are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

(Lord Richard speaks)

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,[2]
As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eye so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now I must teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,[3]
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

[1] *Mavis* and *Merle*, names of birds.
[2] *Wold*, open plain. [3] *Glaive*, sword.

"And for vest[1] of pall,[2] thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd deer,
To keep the cold away."

(*Alice Brand speaks*)

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall[3] and vair[4] no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost my native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

II

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;

[1] *Vest*, garment.
[2] *Pall*, cloth.
[3] *Pall*, woolen cloth.
[4] *Vair*, squirrel fur.

On the beech's pride and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's ax is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who won'd[1] within the hill, —
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

(*The Elfin King speaks*)

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou were christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter'd word or ban.[2]

[1] *Won'd*, dwelt.

[2] Evil spirits were afraid of the cross and all Christian symbols. Urgan having been once a man and *christened*, need not fear them.

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

III

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

(*Urgan, the dwarf, speaks*)

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And as he cross'd and bless'd himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands."

(*Alice speaks*)

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman, void of fear, —

ALICE BRAND

"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."

(*Urgan speaks*)

"Now loud thy liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thy own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

(*Alice speaks*)

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign, —
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"

(*Urgan speaks*)

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairyland,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

" And gaily shines the Fairyland,
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

" And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

" It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away,
To the joyless Elfin bower.

" But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine."

(*Alice acts*)

She crossed him once — she crossed him twice —
The lady was so brave;

The fouler grew his goblin hue,
  The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold!
  He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
  Her brother, Ethert Brand!

(*Conclusion*)

Merry it is in good greenwood,
  When the mavis and merle are singing;
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray
  When all the bells were ringing.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Narrate the episodes of this ballad. Why were Alice and Richard living in the woods? What angered the Elfin King? Why did he send Urgan? Who was Urgan? How was he restored to his proper form?

NIPPER

Many years ago I was walking down Duke Street, Edinburgh, when I felt myself gently nipped in the leg. I turned, and there was a ragged little terrier

crouching and abasing himself utterly, as if asking pardon for what he had done. He then stood up on end and begged as only these coaxing little ruffians can. Being in a hurry, I curtly praised his performance with "Good dog!" clapped his dirty sides, and, turning round, made down the hill; when presently the same nip, perhaps a little nippier — the same scene, only more intense — the same begging and urgent motioning of his short, shaggy paws.

"There's meaning in this," said I to myself, and looked at him keenly and differently. He seemed to twig[1] at once, and with a shrill cry was off much faster than I could go. He stopped every now and then to see that I followed, and by way of urging me sat up on end as if begging, and when I came up, was off again. This continued till, after going through sundry streets and by-lanes, we came to a gate. under which my short-legged friend disappeared. Of course I couldn't follow him. This astonished him greatly.

[1] *Twig*, understand.

He came out to me, and as much as said, "Why on earth don't you come in?" I tried to open the gate, but in vain. My friend vanished and was silent. I was leaving in despair and disgust, when I heard his muffled, ecstatic[1] yelp far off round the end of the wall, and there he was, wild with excitement. I followed and came to a place where, with effort, I squeezed myself into a deserted coach-yard, lying all rude and waste. My peremptory[2] small friend went under a shed and disappeared in a twinkling through the door of an old coach-body, which had long ago parted from its wheels and was sitting on the ground. I looked in, and there was a pointer with a litter of five pups, the mother like a ghost, and wild with anxiety and hunger.

I never saw a more affecting or more miserable scene than that family inside the coach. The poor bewildered mother, I found, had been lost by some sportsman returning south, and must have slunk

[1] *Ecstatic*, showing much feeling.
[2] *Peremptory*, giving positive orders.

away there into that deserted place, and there, in that forlorn retreat, had borne her litter, rushing out from time to time to grab any chance garbage, running back fiercely to them — this going on day after day, night after night. You can imagine what the relief was when we got her well fed and cared for, and her children filled and silent, all cuddling about her asleep, and she asleep too; awakening up to assure herself that this was all true, and that there they were, all the five, each as plump as plums.

Nipper I took home that night — for he was a waif— and gave him his name. He lived for years a merry life with me; showed much pluck and zeal in the killing of rats, and at length died, aged sixteen, healthy, lean, and happy to the last.

Dr. John Brown.

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO

Napaleon was sitting in his tent and before him lay the map of Italy. He took

four pins and stuck them up, measured, moved the pins, and measured again.

"Now," said he, "I shall capture him there."

"Who, sire?" asked an officer.

"Melais, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa, pass through Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the river Po, force him to fight on the plains beyond, and capture him there;" and the finger of the Child of Destiny pointed to Marengo.

Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 had begun. So far all had gone well with Napoleon. He had forced the Austrians to take the position he desired, and had caused their army to be reduced from 120,000 to 40,000 men.

He now moved forward with his army to reap the results of his masterly plan. But God thwarted his purpose. In the narrow gorges of the Alps a few drops of rain had fallen, and the river Po could not be crossed in time.

Napoleon reached the field to find his advance corps beaten and in full retreat.

Old Melais poured his Austrian phalanx[1] upon Marengo until even the Old Guard gave away, and the well-planned victory of Napoleon was a terrible defeat.

Just as the day was lost Desais, the boy general, sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted near the place where Napoleon stood.

There was in the corps a drummer boy, a gamin,[2] whom Desais had picked up on the streets of Paris, and who had followed the victorious eagles of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Germany.

As the line halted, Napoleon shouted to the drummer boy, "Beat a retreat!" The boy did not stir. Again he shouted, "Gamin, beat a retreat!"

The boy stepped forward, grasped his drumsticks, and said, "Sire, I do not know how. Desais has never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh! I can beat a charge that will make the very dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids once. I beat it at Mount Tabor, and

[1] *Phalanx*, an order of battle in squares.
[2] *Gamin*, small streetboy.

I beat it again at the Bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desais. "We are beaten; what shall we do?"

"Do? Beat them. It is only three o'clock, and there is time to win a victory yet. Up, gamin, beat the charge, the old charge of Mount Tabor and of Lodi."

A moment later and the corps, following the sword gleam of Desais and keeping step to the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down upon the host of Austrians, piled the first line back upon the second, the second upon the third, and there they died. Desais fell at the first volley from the enemy's guns, but the line never halted.

As the smoke cleared away, the gamin was seen at the head of the line rushing right on and still beating the furious charge. Over the dead and wounded, over breastworks and ditches, over cannon and batterymen, he led the way to victory; and the fifteen days in Italy were ended.

Today men praise the power and foresight that so skillfully planned the battle,

but they forget that Napoleon failed; they forget that he was defeated; they forget how a general but thirty years of age made a victory out of the Corsican's defeat, and that a gamin of Paris put to shame the Child of Destiny.

Translated from the French.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,[1]
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

[1] *Pound*, a coin.

Esther Peck.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief; I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome[1] lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

[1] *Winsome*, charming.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! O my daughter!"

'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the
shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

STORIES BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full.

"How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to school, or you'll rue it."

"Alas," thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone, this cold day; but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

II

Don't give too much for the Whistle

When I was a child, my friends, on a holiday, filled my little pockets with cop-

pers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle in the hands of another boy whom I met by the way, I voluntarily[1] offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family.

My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impressions continuing on my mind; so that often when I was tempted by some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle!" As I grew up, came into the world and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with very many who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious to court favors, wasting his time in attendance at levees,[2] sacrificing his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, I said to

[1] *Voluntarily*, of one's own accord.
[2] *Levees*, parties, receptions.

myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

When I saw another, fond of popularity,[1] constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, I said, "He pays, indeed, too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent[2] friendship for the sake of accumulating[3] wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you do indeed pay too much for the whistle."

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable[4] improvement of his mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporal[5] sensations, and ruining his health in the pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain instead of pleasure for yourself: you give too much for the whistle."

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine horses, fine equipage,[6] all

[1] *Popularity*, being generally liked.
[2] *Benevolent*, kindly.
[3] *Accumulating*, gathering.
[4] *Laudable*, deserving praise.
[5] *Corporal*, bodily.
[6] *Equipage*, carriages, etc.

above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his career in prison, "Alas!" said I, "he has paid dear for his whistle."

In short, I conceived that the greater part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by "giving too much for their whistles."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

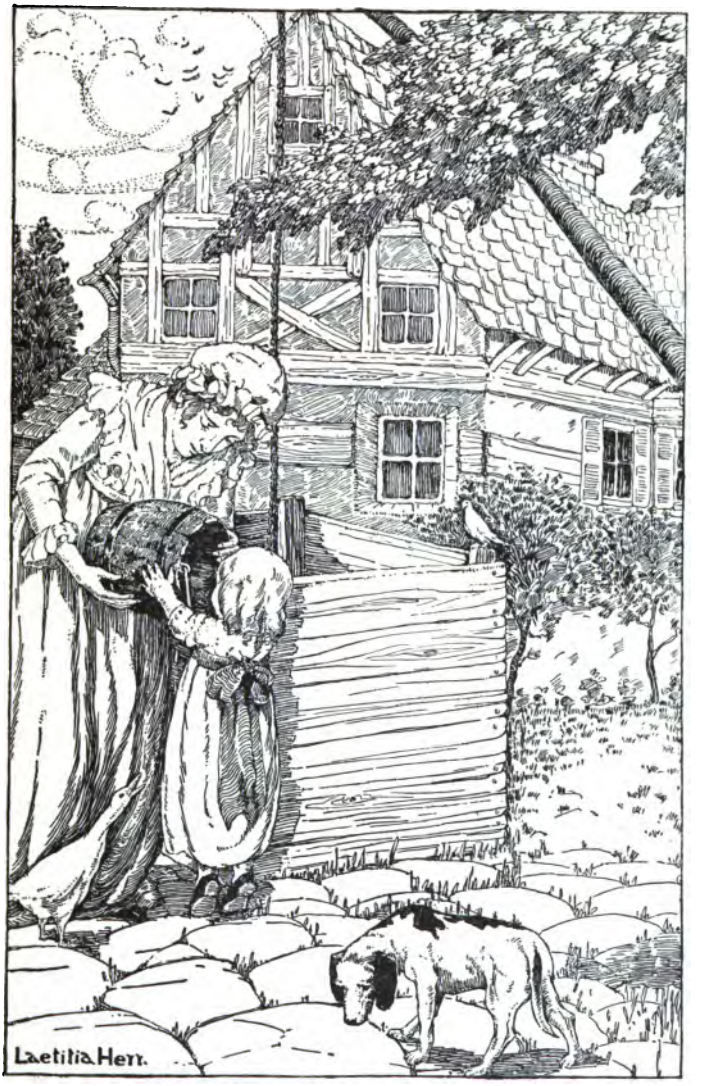
Find out and write all you can about Franklin.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The widespreading pond, and the mill which stood by it;

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well, —
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then seen, with the emblem of truth overflowing,



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well, —
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips.
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tears of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well, —
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE MAGIC WELL

I

The Lakes of Killarney in Ireland are famed for their beauty the world over. But there is an old story which tells us that they have not always been there. This is the story, — believe it or not, as you will.

Once where they now glimmer in the sunshine was a green and fertile valley, and in the valley was a town, and in the town a palace. About the palace was a courtyard, and in the courtyard was a wonderful well.

The palace was the home of King Corc, and he was very proud of it, but still more proud was he of this well.

The water of this well was so clear and so pure that it was the wonder of all the world, and people came from far and near to draw the precious water, until at length the king became afraid that in time they would draw it all and the well would go dry. So he decided that he would not allow the people to have any more water,

and to keep them away he ordered a high wall to be built around the well.

On the day that the wall was begun, an old hermit[1] who dwelt far up on one of the mountain sides came down from his hut to fill a jar with water at the well. As he approached, the workmen stopped him.

"What does this mean?" said he, "I want to fill my jar."

"We would gladly let you have water," they replied, "but the king forbids."

Just then the king himself drew near, and the hermit bowed before him and said: "Your Majesty, I come for water, just as I have done twice a week for many years. Why do these men turn me away, and why is this wall being built?"

"Go elsewhere for your water," responded the king. "In future this well is only for my use."

"You do wrong," said the hermit. "It is not right that the good things of the world should be selfishly hoarded. Stop this wicked work."

[1] *Hermit*, one who lives alone, usually applied to those who live apart for religious reasons.

"I will not!" exclaimed the king, angrily.

"Then may this well be cursed!" said the old hermit, raising his hands toward heaven. "You will live to repent this day, your Majesty. The well is almost as ancient as the valley itself, and has belonged to all the dwellers in the valley and on the mountain, from the oldest times. It was dug by fairies, and it has magic power. Beware the curse. If ever gold is dropped into this well, it will become a torrent of destruction, and then you and yours will be punished for your greed in keeping its water all to yourself!"

With these words the aged hermit took up his jar and turned his weary steps toward his mountain home.

The work continued till the wall was built. A stout door in the wall admitted to the well, but the door was kept locked, and the king himself carried the key. He would not trust even his servants to draw the water, lest they should give some away, but when he wanted any he sent his daughter for it. The people com-

plained bitterly, and cursed the selfish king.

One night the king gave a grand ball. Many princes were present, and countless lords and nobles. There was wonderful jollity throughout the palace, and in the town square blazed great bonfires whose flames streamed up to the very sky. There were dancing and sweet music, and feasting in plenty for all who came. Nor was any one turned away from the palace gates. "You are welcome, you are welcome heartily!" was the porter's salute to each newcomer.

Among those who attended this grand ball was one young prince who was comely above all the rest. Right merrily did he dance that night with the old king's daughter, wheeling here and wheeling there as light as a feather, and dancing to the admiration of every one.

After the dancing came the supper, and the young prince sat at a table beside the beautiful princess. She smiled on him as often as he spoke to her.

In the midst of the banquet one of the

great lords said to King Corc, "May it please your Majesty, here is everything in abundance that heart can wish for, both to eat and to drink, except water."

"Water!" said the king, greatly pleased because some one had called for that which purposely he had failed to supply. "Water you shall have, my lord, speedily, and of such a delicious quality that I challenge[1] all Ireland to equal it. Daughter, go, fetch some water in the golden vessel which I had made for this very purpose."

The princess was annoyed to be told to perform so menial[2] a service, in the presence of all the people. She hesitated to obey, and looked down on the floor. The king, who loved his daughter very much, seeing this, was sorry that he had made such a request, but having said the word he would not recall it. However, he thought of a way to make the proposal more to her liking, and said in a loud voice: "Daughter, I wonder not at your fearing to go alone so late at night, but no doubt the prince at your side will go with you."

[1] *Challenge*, defy, dare. [2] *Menial*, humble.

II

Of course this plan pleased the prince. He was on his feet instantly; he took the golden vessel in one hand and a light in the other, and stood waiting for the princess. She delayed him only till she could get the key from her father, and then the two passed out of the hall together, while all present gazed admiringly after them.

They arrived at the well, and the princess unlocked the door.

"You hold the light," said the prince, "and I will dip up the water."

"Oh, no," she replied, "my father would not like to have any one but me dip up the water. Give me the vessel and I will fill it while you guard the door. This well is very precious, and we have to take the greatest care about it."

So the prince stood at the door, and the princess reached down into the well to fill the golden vessel. She had not used this pitcher before, and as it was much heavier than any which she had used, she in some way lost her balance and fell into the well.

THE MAGIC WELL

The prince sprang to save her, but in his haste he dropped the light he carried, and was in darkness. He called the princess by name. There was no answer. He could see nothing, and, still calling to her, he groped his way to the well. To his surprise he found a stream of water gushing forth. He splashed into it ankle deep, and in a moment more it was swirling about his knees with such force that he was compelled to turn back.

Greatly distressed, he ran to the palace hall to tell what had happened. The king and his guests hurried out, but as they started to go down the palace steps they found the courtyard full of water. They could hear it rushing from the well and see it surging everywhere. All the time it was rapidly rising. Now it flooded the steps, and they retreated into the great hall. The water followed them, and they were up to their necks in it before they could collect their thoughts and decide what to do. Then the water passed over their heads, and at length it reached such a height that the entire green valley where the town and the

palace stood was filled, and thus the Lakes of Killarney were formed.

Yet the king and his guests were not drowned. Neither was the fair princess. She appeared in the banquet hall the very next night, and so did all the rest of the company, and they continued their grand entertainment.

Every night since, the same merrymaking and dancing and feasting go on in the palace at the bottom of the lake, and this nightly revel will continue for all time unless some one brings forth out of the water the golden vessel which was the cause of all the mischief. If that vessel could be fished up from the depths where it has lain all these centuries, the lake would vanish. Their basin would again be a green valley, and the life in the old town and in the palace of King Corc would be resumed where the flood cut it off.

Should there be any who do not believe this story, let them go and see the Lakes of Killarney, for there the lakes are to this day, and it is told that when the waters are low and clear, the ancient dwellings and the

stately palace may be viewed in the bottom by those who have good eyesight, and the buildings can be seen so plainly that there is no need of spectacles.

Irish Folk Tale.

What lesson does this story teach?

ANSWER

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love, and I love, and I love."

In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,

That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LULLABY TO AN INFANT CHIEF

Oh, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens from the tower which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;

Their bows would be bended, their blades
would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draw near to
thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my babie, the time soon
will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet
and drum;
Then, hush thee, my darling, take rest
while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and
waking with day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NAHUM PRINCE

This is the story of Nahum Prince, and the tears are in my eyes now as I think of him. He must have lived a hundred or more years ago, and he died, I do not know when. He was lame. Something had mashed his foot so that he could hardly walk.

It was at the time of the fighting with Burgoyne, and General Lincoln was at the

LULLABY TO AN INFANT CHIEF

front, and was ordering out every man from the New Hampshire grants and western New Hampshire. And all the regular companies of troops had been marched out. Then there came the final call for all who could go, and all the old men and boys volunteered;[1] and there was not a boy over thirteen years of age in the village that did not go, except Nahum Prince.

When they were getting ready to go, he stood up, as well as he could, with an old Queen Anne's arm on his shoulder. And the captain came along and saw him and said:

"Nahum, you here?"

"Yes, I am here," said Nahum.

Then the captain said, "Go home, Nahum; you know you do not belong here; you cannot walk a mile."

So he called to the doctor, and the doctor said, "Nahum, it is no use; you must go home."

Then they all marched off without him. Rub a dub dub! rub a dub dub! went the drums; and every man and boy of them

[1] *Volunteered*, joined the army of their own accord.

went off and left poor Nahum Prince alone. He had a good home, but he was very homesick all that night, and did not sleep much; and the next morning he said, "I shall die before night if I stay here all alone, the only boy in town; I must do something."

It was coming autumn. It was not late, but he knew he must do something; so he went down and split old Widow Corliss's wood for her, for he could split wood, though he could not march. He had not been splitting wood more than an hour when four men on horseback came down the road and stopped. He could see them stand and talk. They all went off, and then one came back again and beckoned to Nahum; and when he came up, the man on horseback said:

"Where are all the men gone?"

"They have all gone off to join the army," answered Nahum.

"And isn't there any blacksmith in the town?"

"No, there is not a man or a boy in the town except me, and I would not be here, only I am so lame I cannot walk."

"Do you mean to tell me there is no one here who can set a shoe?"

"Why, I can set a shoe," said Nahum.

"Then it is lucky you are left behind. Light up the forge, and set the shoe."

And now comes the most interesting part of the story. Nahum lighted up the forge fire, blew the coals hot, and set the shoe on the horse, and the horse and the rider went away, after the man had thanked Nahum. And Nahum finished splitting the widow's wood. And when, the next week, the boys came back home, and told how Colonel Seth Warner came up on his horse just in time, leading the First Regiment, and took the prisoners and won the day, Nahum did not say anything, but he knew that Colonel Warner never would have been on that horse if he had not set that shoe. And it was Nahum Prince and Seth Warner that won the splendid victory which ended the battle of Bennington.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Find out all you can about the Battle of Bennington in the Revolutionary War.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kasper's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory!

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;

For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory ! "

" Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

" It was the English," Kasper cried,
" Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
" That 'twas a famous victory !

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream near-by:
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

" With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;

And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won
And our good Prince Eugene."—
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."—
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory!"

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

I

Down the Rabbit Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do; once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

So she was considering in her own mind, as well as she could,—for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid,—whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the rabbit say to itself, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be too late!" (When she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it

all seemed quite natural.) But when the rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark

to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labeled "ORANGE MARMALADE," but to her great disappointment it was empty. She did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall ever come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see; that would be four thousand miles down, I think —" (for, you see, Alice had learned several

DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her; still it was good practice to say it over) "— yes, that's about the right distance — but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had not the slightest idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but she thought they were nice, grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! The antipathies, I think —" (she was rather glad there was no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word), "but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, ma'am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia?" (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke, — fancy, curtsying as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking!

No, it'll never do to ask; perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at teatime. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very much like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way: "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth; did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, thump! thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up to her feet in a moment; she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying on down it. There was not a moment to be lost. Away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh, my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen; she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all around the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but alas!

either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain which she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high; she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat hole; she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; "and even if my head would go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin." For, you see, so many out of the way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes; this time she found a little bottle on it ("which certainly was not there before," said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say, "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do that in a hurry. "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked 'poison' or not"; for she had read several nice little stories about children who had got burned, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them, such as, that a red hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was not marked "poison," so Alice ventured to taste it, and, finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavor of cherry tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast), she very soon finished it off.

"What a curious feeling!" said Alice. "I must be shutting up like a telescope!"

And so it was indeed; she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further; she felt a little nervous about this; "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?" and she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once, but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had

forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it; she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery, and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

"Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself, rather sharply; "I advise you to leave off this minute!" She generally gave herself good advice, though she very seldom followed it, and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes, and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. "But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!"

Soon her eyes fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table; she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on

which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in currants. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, "Which way? which way?" holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way she was growing; and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size. To be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake; but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out of the way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished the cake.

II

THE POOL OF TEARS

"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice. (She was so much surprised, that for the

moment she quite forgot how to speak good English.) "Now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good by, feet!" for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off. "Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I shan't be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you; you must manage the best way you can; but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see; I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."

And she went planning to herself how she would manage it. "They must go by the carrier," she thought; "and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

Alice's Right Foot, Esq.,
Hearthrug,
near the Fender,
(*with Alice's love*).

Oh, dear, what nonsense I'm talking!"

Just at this moment her head struck against the roof of the hall; in fact, she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever; she sat down and began to cry again.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a great girl like you," (She might well say this) "to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all around her, about four inches deep, and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other; he came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself, as he came: "Oh! The

Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! Won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!" Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one; so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, sir —" The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and skurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking. "Dear, dear! How queer everything is today! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think; *was* I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, 'Who in the world am I?' Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and

mine doesn't go in ringlets at all ; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh, she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and — oh, dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is — ah, dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the multiplication table doesn't signify; let's try geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome — no *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say, '*How doth the little* — '" and she crossed her hands in her lap, as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:

"How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the water of the Nile
On every golden scale!

"How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

"I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on: "I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh, ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying, 'Come up again, dear!' I shall only look up and say: 'Who am I, then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up; if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else'—but, oh, dear!" cried Alice, with a sudden burst of tears: "I do wish they *would* put their heads down! I am so *very* tired of being all alone here!"

As she said this, she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white

kid gloves while she was talking. "How *can* I have done that?" she thought. "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly; she soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether.

"That *was* a narrow escape!" said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence; "and now for the garden!" and she ran with all speed back to the little door; but alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, "and things are worse than ever," thought the poor child, "for I never was so small as this before, never! And, I declare, it's too bad, that it is!"

As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the

sea, "and in that case I can go back by railway," she said to herself. However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

"I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day."

Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was; at first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a mouse, that had slipped in like herself.

"Would it be of any use, now," thought Alice, "to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out of the way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk; at any rate, there is no harm in trying." So she began: "O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming

about here, O Mouse!" (Alice thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse; she had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen in her brother's Latin Grammar, "*A* mouse, *of* a mouse, *to* a mouse, *a* mouse, *O* mouse!" The mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

"Perhaps it doesn't understand English," thought Alice. "I daresay it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror." (For, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) So she began again, "are you my cat?" which was the first sentence in her French lesson book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to quiver all over with fright. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice, hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings. "I quite forgot you didn't like cats."

"Not like cats!" cried the Mouse in a

shrill, passionate voice. "Would *you* like cats, if you were me?"

"Well, perhaps not," said Alice in a soothing tone. "Don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah. I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear, quiet thing," Alice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, "and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face — and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse — and she's such a capital one for catching mice — oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. "We won't talk about her any more, if you'd rather not."

"We, indeed!" cried the Mouse, who was trembling down to the end of its tail. "As if I would talk on such a subject! Our family always *hated* cats; nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't let me hear the name again!"

"I won't, indeed," said Alice, in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation.

"Are you — are you fond — of —of dogs?" The Mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "There is such a nice little dog near our house, I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh, such long, curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things. I can't remember half of them — and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it's so useful, it's worth a hundred pounds! He says it kills all the rats and — oh, dear!" cried Alice in a sorrowful tone. "I'm afraid I've offended it again!" For the Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.

So she called softly after it: "Mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats or dogs either, if you don't like them!" When the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her; its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said in a low, trembling voice, "Let us go to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll

understand why it is I hate cats and dogs."

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it; there was a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

LEWIS CARROLL.

What do you think of Alice?
Which of her adventures is the most amusing?
Have you read the whole book?

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
  Because she thought the sun

Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.

"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head,
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat,
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,
Of cabbages, and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oyster cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And some of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said
"Is what we chiefly need;
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine!" the Walrus said;
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
"Cut us another slice;
I wish you were not quite so deaf;
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The carpenter said nothing but,
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none;
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

From *Through a Looking Glass*, LEWIS CARROLL.

TOMMY-ANNE

I

It was so bright out of doors that particular May morning that the house seemed very dark and lonely by comparison. But, then, to be sure, Tommy-Anne never liked to stay indoors, and everything was beckoning and calling; so many strange birds winging over the garden, so many strange shapes slipping through the grass. The wind blowing from the hill called, "Come out, if you wish to see things grow!" whispering to the woods as it hurried through, "Make haste, old Oaks, unfurl your flags; summer will soon be here."

Tommy-Anne was not, as might be supposed, a pair of twins, but a little girl with no brothers or sisters. Her real name was Diana, which had been shortened to Anne.

Then, as she could climb trees, preferred boys' games to dolls, and asked a great many questions about how things are made, her father called her Tommy-Anne in fun, and the name suited her so well that people very soon forgot that she had any other.

Playing alone in the woods and garden, and doing her lessons seated on the big dictionary close by her father, as he worked in his study, Tommy-Anne had time to think of a great many *whys* and *whats* and *becauses* that very few people understood, and that no one seemed to have time to answer. Her Aunt Prue, who considered Tommy-Anne as odd as her name, and was the only one of the family at home that day, told the child to "go out and try to be like other people," simply because she had asked a few particularly difficult *whys*.

Tommy-Anne stood in her doorway, tying a knot in the elastic of her hat, and wondering why her hat would not stick on without being fastened, as the butcher boy's did.

Two odors met her inquisitive[1] nose, — cake in the process of baking and a breath

[1] *Inquisitive,* questioning.

of the first apple blossoms. Without hesitating, she started in the direction of the orchard; but her little rabbit hound, Waddles, was more interested in the cake. He raised his pointed muzzle in the air, sniffed, then gave a short bay and looked at his mistress appealingly.

"No, it's not a bit of use, Waddles, wishing for things out of time, when Aunt Prue is at home alone. Aunt Prue says things must be as they are ordered. Now, that's all very well for things that one can't help, but why do people make unnecessary rules and say they must be kept just because they've been made? Cake is for supper and pudding for dinner, Waddles! Never cake before dinner, and it's only after breakfast now. Did you ever have cake before dinner?" Whereupon Waddles looked very knowing, and gave a few short barks to signify that he believed that he had.

"I suspect you are a glutton, Mr. Waddles," Tommy-Anne continued. "Come, let's run uphill, for you certainly are too fat and need exercise. Doesn't the air make you want to curl up your feet and make wings of

your ears, and fly? What a lovely bat you would make, Waddlekins! Twenty times as big as Dusty Wings, that comes out of the attic window every night." And Tommy-Anne spread her arms and rushed up the slope, the hound following her in full cry.

She dropped at the foot of the first tree that she reached, which happened to be an old white oak, and, after she stopped panting, pulled a handful of willow whistles, that the butcher boy had made, from her pocket, and began sorting them into her lap. She blew each one in turn, but was dissatisfied with them all. "If I only understood the birds' language, then they would answer me," she said.

"Bobwhite! Bobwhite!" called a quail from the brush lot.

"Ah! that is plain enough; he is telling me his name. I can talk to *him.*"

"Bobwhite!" she blew clearly on her longest whistle. For several minutes Tommy-Anne and the quail exchanged greetings, and then he changed his note to "Poor Bobwhite."

"Poor Bobwhite," she answered readily.

"He must be trying to tell me about his unfortunate relations who were killed by the gunners last fall. No, that can't be it, either; I'm all boggled up. He is talking my language, but I'm not learning his a bit," and she stretched herself on the moss, her chin on her hands.

II

Waddles was ill. He had a cold, and his stomach was so upset that he could not bear even the thought of his favorite breakfast of liver and bacon. Though it was a warm day, he shivered, snuffled, and spread himself out flat on the floor like a doormat.

"Poor dear, your nose is hot and as dry as bread crust, and you are dreadfully slobbery; we must have the blacksmith," said Tommy-Anne, who found that all her attempts at petting met with no response other than a feeble tail wag.

The blacksmith, who was doctor to all the horses, cows, and dogs thereabout, looked at Waddles' eyes, felt his paw, and said, "He has the distemper" (which is a

TOMMY–ANNE

sort of whooping cough that most dogs have when they are children); "besides that, he is much too fat; he must take physic, and stay in the woodshed and keep dry and quiet for a few days."

Tommy-Anne shut her lips together like a vise, and walked off through the rough grass in which the garden path ended. She did not half care to hunt for the rabbit's nest alone; why not gather a bouquet of tulips and ask Rubythroat to take her to the Flower Market? So she turned back and went through the garden to the bed where the tulips grew.

All the other spring bulbs were past and gone, the hyacinths, daffies, and Duc Van Thols, but the tall, late tulips stood planted in a long row in front of the stone fence. Why, what was the matter with them? The flower stalks were drooping, and many plants lay withered on the earth. She knelt and lifted one; it came up entirely, bulb and all, or rather it had no bulb, but merely the shell of one, the core having been eaten away from the bottom.

"It is those horrid moles!" she exclaimed.

"They have eaten all mother's best double Dutch tulips, that father had sent from Holland for her birthday, and she was going to put them in the big blue jar and paint a picture of them, and now there are not enough left even for a bunch for Ruby-throat. It's too bad! I can see the hills that the nasty moles have kicked up all over." And Tommy-Anne pounded the ground with her fist.

"We did not eat the tulips," said a very squeaky voice coming from the earth in front of her. "We never eat vegetables, and we do not kick up our hills, or do anything so vulgar; we push the earth out of our way with our hands."

"Who are you?" said Tommy-Anne, putting her ear to the ground.

"One of the common shrew moles who live under your garden, and you have been saying whoppergrasses about us."

"What is a 'whoppergrass'?"

"Whoppergrass is a word we have for a lie. It is that rank kind of grass that grows in bunches that the cows leave untouched; it sticks in the throat, and not

even a starving rabbit can swallow it; so when any one of us underground folk says something that his neighbors cannot swallow, we call it a whoppergrass."

"It *looks* as if you had eaten the bulbs, anyway, for there you are now close by them."

"Do you House People accuse each other of doing things for a little reason like that?"

"Yes, very often, and Aunt Prue always does. It's what is called *cir-cum-stan-tial* evidence, father says, — *judging from the way things look*, you know."

"It's a very poor way; in Heart of Nature's garden, things are mostly the way they don't look. In the first place, I told you that we don't eat vegetable food, and that should have settled the matter."

"What do you eat, then?"

"Earthworms, chiefly, yards and miles of them, and a great many other kinds of worms besides, — cutworms, grubs, slugs, and beetles. In fact, all sorts of underground things that otherwise would kill your plants and trees."

All of a sudden there was a loud squealing, and the earth was thrown up in a great furrow which caved in, showing two moles struggling with each other, then they rolled out on the walk. One dived quickly into the tunnel again, but the other, being confused and bleeding at the nose, hesitated a minute. There was a large flowerpot standing near, and Tommy-Anne clapped it over him, saying, "Now you may stay under there, until you tell me all about yourself, and who did eat the tulips, if you didn't."

The Mole, being very strong as well as obstinate, began to push the pot about with his paws, and even when Tommy-Anne sat on it to keep it still, she could feel it shake.

"Let me out," he cried, "and I will tell you; but if you keep me here, I will dig down through the walk even if it is all gravel. Put me in the shade, please, and give me an earthworm. I feel rather faint, for that Star-nose bumped my nose terribly. He was a bully, for in underground etiquette[1] it is not allowable to punch noses

[1] *Etiquette*: rules of manners.

in fighting; underground noses are made very sensitive for smelling the way."

He curled down in the shadow of the wall while Tommy-Anne found the worm; then he seized it, putting one end in his mouth and munched away, ramming it in with his paws, as if he were feeding wood to a sawmill. Crunch, grit, crunch, went his jaws.

"What makes that queer noise? has an earthworm bones?"

"The sand in the worm," said the mole. "Lots of the ground goes through the stomachs of earthworms. They break it up for the things to grow in. By the way, my family name is de Rooter. I thought you might like to know it."

"If you don't eat them, I know that you hurt plants; for last summer you upset the bed of red geraniums and a long row of asters."

"Of course I may have done it when I was chasing worms, but it was an accident. Our hallways and passages do run under and in between the root of things."

"How do you dig?"

"We push the earth before us with our paws, as I said at first; and as it must go somewhere, if we are near the surface, it rises and makes the ridges that you see. Here is where the mischief happens to your bulbs; following us often in our tunnels, come the field mice, frisking and gambling and gnawing and eating everything they can find, then whisking away again, leaving us to bear the blame.

"Last Moon of Snowshoes, the House People heaped up dry leaves over the tulip-bed, before the frost could lock the ground, thinking to keep it warm. Because of this the earth was soft, and we did not burrow deeply as we should when ice warns us to keep well down. In early spring the mice, hungry, as all things are at that time, came from their grass nests, through the wall chinks, into our runs, and nibbled at the bulbs, which kept on growing till their cores were reached, and then drooped and withered. Now if House People had not piled the leaves on until the ice locks were made fast, this would not have been. The use of covering is to hide the earth things

from false awakenings, not to keep off the frost's locks.

"Kill the field mice, Tommy-Anne, and do not accuse the family of de Rooter again." And with a lunge he dived into one of the loose earth ridges.

III

"Humph!" said Tommy-Anne, "that's all very well to say, 'Kill the mice,' but it is what the Butcher's boy, — no, I mean Obi, — calls a large contract. A hundred traps would not be enough for even the garden, and what good would they do when all outdoors is full of mice?"

"We are here," hissed two voices. "We will catch the mice."

Tommy-Anne started in spite of herself. "Ah, it's you, is it," she said, as Lac and Lactina appeared, moving slowly by the wall. "I thought you promised never to startle me?"

"We did not mean to; we spoke before we came near; what else could we do? We have no rattles in our tails to give warning, like the Bad One."

"No, I suppose you did the best you could, but somehow you snakes always seem very sudden things. So you two think that you can catch all the mice, do you?"

"Not all, perhaps, but a great many, and when they know that we live in the wall, the uneaten ones will be likely to move away. Besides, there will be our children, forty or fifty likely enough, before the summer is over, and there are a great many garter snakes about here, too. We have eaten several small ones already, because they were in our way, but the big ones can help us with the mice."

"Then you are cannibals, too, the same as Ko-ko-ko-ho and the Hawks?"

"Oh, yes, we eat small, frivolous[1] snakes, just as Whip, the black snake, eats us when he can. Beware of letting Whip into your garden! It is true that he eats rats and mice, but where Whip is at home, the Robin and Thrush mourn for their young, and no nest is sacred. We prefer mice and toads. See; we have each eaten a mouse this

[1] *Frivolous*, of little importance.

morning." And they stretched themselves so that she could see a lump that was between their throats and the middle of their bodies.

"I've seen a garter snake swallow a toad alive," said Tommy-Anne, "and I squeezed the snake with my spade, and made him unswallow, and the toad hopped off, and I poured a good deal of water on him. He was a little scrap bitten, but that was all."

"Yes, garter snakes do that, but you see how stupid they are; for if they killed the toad first, then they could not get away."

Tommy-Anne sat thinking, and did not answer. One thing was certain; everything lived by eating some other thing.

"Don't you eat some other thing, too?" said Lactina, forking her tongue out to catch a fly that buzzed too near.

"I didn't speak," said Tommy-Anne, in astonishment.

"No, but I heard you think. We are a wise family, you know; being constantly hunted has sharpened our wits."

"That's all very well, but I want you to remember one thing: I won't have too many of you about; your children must move to other gardens, or I shall tell Obi about you. Two of you besides the garter snakes are quite enough."

IV

Lac and Lactina disappeared under the wall, and Tommy-Anne still sat on the overturned flowerpot, thinking, and poking holes in the dirt with the toe of her shoe.

"Be careful, pray, be careful; you are spoiling our village," said a voice, which was so faint that for a few minutes she could not tell where it came from.

"No; we are not up in the air, nor among the flowers. Look down by your feet at the edge of the grass border. There you go again, making earthquakes; you have shaken the nursery roof and made a hole in the cowshed already. Do take care; it takes so long to build, and we are very busy now with all our spring work."

"Who are you, and what are you talking about?" said she, almost shouting, as if

she thought the speaker must be deaf because its own voice was feeble.

"We are the field ants, whose village is under your grass border; you, who wear the Magic Spectacles, can see us if you stoop down far enough."

Tommy-Anne lay flat on the border, so that the short grass looked to her like tiny trees; and she saw that amid this little forest was a sort of low earth hut, or hill, with a single doorway, and a great many paths leading to it. Bustling in and out, carrying little bundles and grains of sand, were countless small yellow ants.

"Put your eye to the door and look down; the houses are below," said an Ant who was somewhat larger than the rest.

Tommy-Anne did so, and found, to her surprise, that she could see, although it was dark. There were galleries leading to rooms whose roofs were held up by arches and pillars like those of a church, and the passageways were arched in the same manner.

In some of these rooms were little piles of what looked like kernels of grain, and in

others, small green lice, such as we see on rosebushes, stood in rows, like horses in a stable.

"You see that we have carpenters and masons among us, just as they have in Bird-land," said the big ant.

"Did ants make this beautiful cave?" asked Tommy-Anne, in amazement, afraid lest her breath should blow the sand about and break something.

"Our workpeople built it all; they are those little ants that are now taking the eggs out to air."

"I see that there are different kinds and sizes of ants in your village; but don't you all work?"

"We big ants are the mothers; we lay the eggs and tend them also, when we are in a lonely village where help is scarce. The next in size are our husbands; they are usually delicate and sickly, and are short lived, so they do not count for much; the smallest are the unmarried ants, and upon them falls the greater part of the work.

"Some of these are the masons and car-

penters that build the villages. After carrying out the sand, grain by grain, to make room for the galleries, they bend the grass blades and the little roots for arches and supports, and mix sand with rain water and dew to make the covering of mortar."

"What did you mean by saying that I was spoiling the nursery and cowshed?"

"This; we do not build nests like birds, and sit on our eggs until the warmth of our bodies hatches them. Our eggs are laid, a few in each of the little rooms we call nurseries, and the nurse ants have to carry them out every day so that the warmth of the sun may hatch them into grubs."

"What a piece of work!" sighed Tommy-Anne.

"Yes, it is a great deal of trouble, because, if it grows too hot or rains, they must all be brought in one by one and the holes covered carefully. Then as soon as the grubs are hatched, they have to be fed until they spin into cocoons."

"Cocoons? Don't they hatch into ants right away?"

"Dear me, no. They come out of the

egg as soft, legless grubs. These we feed with sweet liquids that we gather from the honeyed stalks of plants, and with milk from our cows."

"Cows? What sort of cows do ants keep?"

"The fat green plant lice called *aphides.*[1] We take them home and put them in the cowsheds that we build, and feed them well, and there they are, all close at hand, when we need their milk for our grubs."

"Is this really truly?" said Tommy-Anne, earnestly.

"It is perfectly true. Don't you see the rows of green cows down there, where you made a break in the wall?"

"Yes, — I do," said she, slowly, "but what happens when the grubs are fed and grow into cocoons?"

"They have to be carried in and out the same as when they were eggs, but when they are developed, the nurses break the threads of the cocoons, and the young ants appear. As soon as they are free, little gauzy wings begin to grow, but these drop

[1] Pronounced, af-ĭ'-dēz.

off very soon after they are fully grown, and they become like the rest of us."

"Why do they need the wings if they fall off so soon?"

"So that they can fly about and see the world and make new homes for themselves if they wish; there is not room for all of them in the village where they are born."

"I should think that there would soon be too many ants."

"There might be, but for Birdland; it eats so many of us and of our eggs, that there is no fear of that.

"Excuse me now, for I must see that our roof is mended before night."

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT.

Did you ever watch animals to see how they live? Write a story in which some small wild creature tells of himself.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

Robins in the tree tops,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing,
Everywhere you pass;

Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black boughs and bent twigs
Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm, and larch, —
Don't you think that Maytime's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchards;
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day, —
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn patch,
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth side
Romping with the tongs;

Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf,
Rustling down the wind;
Mother doing peaches,
All the afternoon, —
Don't you think that Autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the blue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleighbells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings,
(Pussy's got the ball), —
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

T. B. Aldrich.

Do you like poetry?

Of the poems in this book that you have read, which do you like best? Why?

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald bought a lily white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long betroth'd were they;
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"Tomorrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair;
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth; you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie,
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

LADY CLARE

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Tho' I should die to night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown;
She was no longer Lady Clare;
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,

Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower;
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are;
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail;
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn;
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed tomorrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

TENNYSON.

TIMOTHY'S SHOES

I

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

"The baby is a very fine boy," said the fairy godmother, "and if you will let me know when the christening day is fixed, I will come and give him a present." Saying which, the old lady kissed her goddaughter, and nearly put out the baby's eye with the point of her peaked hat; then she mounted her broomstick and rode away.

It was the day of the christening. The godmother arrived dressed in plum colored satin, with a small brown paper parcel in her hand.

"My dear goddaughter," she began, "I have too often had reason to observe that the gift of beauty is far from always proving a benefit to its possessor. Riches,"

TIMOTHY'S SHOES

continued the fairy, "are hardly a less doubtful boon, and the youth who is born to wealth is not always slow to become a bankrupt.[1] This trifle," she continued, beginning to untie the string of the parcel, "is a very common gift to come from my hands, but I trust it will prove useful."

"There!" cried the godfather, "didn't I say it was a mug? Common? Why, there's nothing so universal[2] except, indeed, the knife, fork, and spoon."

But before he had finished his sentence the parcel was opened, and the fairy presented the young mother with a small pair of strong leather shoes, copper tipped and heeled. "They'll never wear out, my dear," she said; "rely upon it, you'll find them 'a mother's blessing,' and however large a family you may have, your children will step into one another's shoes just at the age when little feet are the most destructive.

"These shoes have another quality besides that of not wearing out. The little feet that are in them cannot very easily go

[1] *Bankrupt,* unable to pay one's debts.
[2] *Universal,* found everywhere.

wrong. If, when your boy is old enough, you send him to school in these shoes, should he be disposed to play truant, they will pinch and discomfort him so that it is probable he will let his shoes take him the right way; they will, in like manner, bring him home at the proper time. And —"

"Mrs. Godmother's broomstick at the door!" shouted the farming man, who was acting as footman on this occasion.

"Well, my dear," said the old lady, "you will find out their virtues all in good time, and they will do for the whole family in turn; for I really can come to no more christenings. I am getting old; besides, our day is over. Farewell, my love." And mounting her broomstick, the fairy finally departed.

II

Kingcups

As years went by, and her family increased, the mother learned the full value of the little shoes. Her nine boys wore them in turn, but they never wore them

out. So long as the fairy shoes were on their feet, they were pretty sure to go where they were sent and to come back when they were wanted, which, as all parents know, is no light matter. Moreover, during the time that each boy wore them, he got into such good habits that he was thenceforward comparatively tractable.[1] At last they descended to the ninth and youngest boy, and became — Timothy's shoes.

Now the eighth boy had very small feet, so he had worn the shoes rather longer, and Timothy got them somewhat later than usual. Then, Timothy's mother was not above the weakness of spoiling the youngest of the family; and so, for one reason or another, Master Timothy was willful, and his little feet pretty well used to taking their own way, before he stepped into the fairy shoes. But he played truant from the dame's school,[2] and was late for dinner so often, that at length his mother resolved to bear it no longer; and one morning the leather shoes were brightly blacked and the copper

[1] *Tractable,* easily controlled.
[2] *Dame's school,* a primary school, kept by a woman.

tips polished, and Master Tim was duly shod, and dismissed to school with many a wise warning from his fond parent.

"Now, Tim dear, I know you will be a good boy," said his mother, a strong conviction[1] that he would be no such thing pricking her conscience. "And mind you don't loiter or play truant, for if you do, these shoes will pinch you horribly, and you'll be sure to be found out."

It is very wrong to play truant, but still it is very tempting. Twir-r-r-r-r — up into the blue sky went the larks; hedge birds chirped and twitted in and out of the bushes, the pale milkmaids opened their petals, and down in the dark marsh below the kingcups shone like gold.

Once or twice Tim loitered to pick milkmaids and white starflowers and speedwell; but the shoes pinched him, and he ran on all the more willingly that a newly fledged butterfly went before him. But when the path ran on above the marsh, and he looked down and saw the kingcups, he dismissed all thoughts of school. True, the bank was

[1] *Conviction*, belief.

long and steep, but that only added to the fun. Kingcups he must have. Tim flung his satchel on the grass, and began to scramble down the bank. But though he turned his feet towards the kingcups, the shoes seemed resolved to go to school; and as he persisted in going towards the marsh, he suffered such twitches and twinges that he thought his feet must have been wrenched off.

But Tim was a very resolute little fellow, and though his ankles bid fair to be dislocated[1] at every step, he dragged himself, shoes and all, down to the marsh. And now, he could not find a kingcup within reach. Not one grew on the safe edge, but, like so many Willo'thewisps, they shone out of the depths of the bog. And as Tim wandered round the marsh — jerk, wrench — oh, dear! every step was like a galvanic[2] shock. At last, he fairly jumped into a brilliant clump that looked tolerably near, and was at once ankle deep in water. Then, to his delight, the wet mud sucked the shoes off his feet, and he waded

[1] *Dislocated,* put out of joint. [2] *Galvanic,* electric.

about among the rushes, reeds, and kingcups, sublimely happy.

At last Tim began to feel tired; he hurt his foot with a sharp stump. A fat yellow frog jumped up in his face and so startled him that he nearly fell backwards into the water. He was frightened, and had culled more kingcups than he could carry. So he scrambled out, and climbed the bank, and cleaned himself up as well as he could with a small cotton pocket handkerchief, and thought he would go on to school.

Now, with all his faults, Tim was no coward and no liar, so with a quaking heart and a stubborn face he made up his mind to tell the dame that he had played truant; but even when one has resolved to confess, the words lag behind, and Tim was still composing a speech in his mind, and had got no farther than, "Please, ma'am," when he found himself in the school and under the dame's very eye.

But Tim heeded not her frown, nor the subdued titters of the children; his eyes were fixed upon the schoolroom floor, where

in Tim's proper place in the class, stood the little leather shoes, very muddy, and with a kingcup in each.

"You've been in the marsh, Timothy," said the dame. "Put on your shoes."

It will be believed that when his punishment and his lessons were over, Tim allowed his shoes to take him quietly home.

III

The Shoes at School

When Timothy's mother heard how he had been in the marsh, she decided to send him at once to a real boys' school, as he was quite beyond the dame's management. So he was sent to live with Dr. Dixon Airey, who kept a school on the moors, assisted by one usher, a gentleman who had very long legs, and used very long words, and who wore common spectacles of very high power on work-days, and green ones on Sundays and holidays.

And Timothy's shoes went with him.

Now, though Timothy's shoes were well known in his native village, they created

quite a sensation in Dr. Dixon Airey's establishment, and the usher brought them into his familiar examples till Timothy was nearly frantic. Thus: "If Timothy's shoes cost 8 shillings 7 pence without the copper tips, etc."

"I'll run away from the shoes shortly," groaned Timothy, "see if I don't. I can't stand it any longer."

"I wouldn't mind it, if I were you," returned Bramble. "They all do it."

But when the first season came around, and boys now and then smuggled cherries into school, which were forfeited[1] to the usher, he sometimes used these for illustrations instead of the shoes. Thus — in the arithmetic class: "Two hundred and fifty-four cherries added to one thousand six hundred and seventy-five will make — ?"

"A very big pie!" cried Tim, on one of these occasions. He had been sitting half asleep in the sunshine, his mind running on the coming enjoyments of the fruit season, cooked and uncooked; the usher had appealed to him unexpectedly, and the answer

[1] *Forfeited*, given up in punishment.

was out of his lips before he could recollect himself. Of course he was sent to the bottom of the class, and the worst of going down in class for Timothy was that his shoes were never content to rest there. They pinched his poor feet till he shuffled them off in despair, and then they pattered back to his proper place, where they stayed till, for very shame, Tim was obliged to work back to them; and if he kept down in his class for two or three days, for so long he had to sit in his socks, for the shoes always took the place that Tim ought to have filled.

All together Timothy would have been happy but for the shoes. They did him good service in many ways, it is true. When Timothy first came, the little boys groaned under the tyranny[1] of a certain big bully of whom all were afraid. One day, when he was maltreating[2] Bramble in a shameful and most unjust fashion, Timothy rushed at him and, with the copper tips of his unerring shoes, kicked him so severely that the big bully did not get over it for a week, and

[1] *Tyranny*, cruel control. [2] *Maltreating*, abusing.

no one feared him any more. Then in races, and all games of swift and skillful chase, Timothy's shoes won him high renown. But they made him uncomfortable whenever he went wrong, and left him no peace till he went right, and grumbled loudly against them.

"There is a right way and a wrong way in all affairs," said the usher. "Hereafter, young gentleman, you will appreciate your singular good fortune in not being able to take the wrong course without feeling uncomfortable."

"What's the use of his talking like that?" said Timothy, kicking the bench before him with his copper tips. "I don't want to go the wrong way, I only want to go my own way, that's all." And night and day he beat his brains for a good plan to rid himself of the fairy shoes.

IV

The Snowstorm

When Timothy went back to school in the beginning of the year, the snow lay deep

upon the moors. The boys made snow men and buried things deep under drifts, for the dog Bernardus to fetch out. On the ice, Timothy's shoes were invaluable.[1] He was the best skater and slider in the school, and when he was going triumphantly down a long slide with his arms folded and his friends cheering, Tim was very glad he had not given away his shoes.

One Saturday the usher took him and Bramble for a long walk over the hills. About the time that they set out to return, a little snow began to fall. It was small snow, and fell very quietly. But though it fell so quietly, it was wonderful how soon the walls and gates got covered; and though the flakes were small, they were so dense that in a short time no one could see more than a few yards in front of him. They climbed a wall, and plowed their way through the untrodden snow, and their hands and feet grew bitterly painful and then numb, and the soft snow lodged in their necks and drifted on to their eyelashes and into their ears, and at last Timothy fairly

[1] *Invaluable,* more valuable than can be told.

cried. For he said that, besides the biting of the frost, his shoes pinched and pulled at his feet.

Tim found it so hard to bear that the usher took him on to his back and took his feet into his hands, and Bramble carried the shoes. Five minutes passed, but they did not strike the road, and five more minutes passed, and though Tim lay heavy upon the usher's shoulder, for he was asleep, the usher's heart was heavier still. And five minutes more passed, and Bramble was crying, and the usher said: "Boys, we've lost our way. I see nothing for it but to put Timothy's shoes down and follow them."

So Bramble put down the shoes, and they started off to the left, and the usher and the boys followed them.

But the shoes tripped over the top of the snow, and went very fast, and the usher and Bramble waded slowly through it, and in a few seconds the shoes disappeared into the snowstorm, and they lost sight of them altogether, and Bramble said: "I can't go any farther. I don't mind being left, but I must lie down, I am so very, very tired."

Then the usher woke Timothy, and made him put on Bramble's boots and walk, and he took Bramble on to his back, and made Timothy take hold of his coat, and they struggled on through the storm, going as nearly as they could in the way that the shoes had gone.

"How are you getting on, Timothy?" asked the usher after a long silence. "Don't be afraid of holding on to me, my boy."

But Timothy gave no answer.

"Keep a brave heart, laddie!" cried the usher, as cheerfully as his numb and languid lips could speak.

Still there was silence, and when he looked round, Timothy was not there.

When and where he had lost his hold, the distracted usher had no idea. He shouted in vain.

"How could I let him take off the shoes?" groaned the poor man. "Oh! what shall I do? Shall I struggle on to save this boy's life, or risk all our lives by turning back after the other?"

He turned round as he spoke, and the

wild blast and driving snow struck him in the face. The darkness fell rapidly, the drifts grew deeper, and yet the usher went after Timothy.

And he found him,— but too late, for his own strength was exhausted, and the snow was three feet deep all round him.

V

Bernardus on Duty

When the snow first began to fall, Dr. Airey observed, "Our friend will get a sprinkling of sugar this evening"; and the boys laughed, for this was one of Dr. Airey's winter jokes.

When it got dusk, and the storm thickened, Dr. Airey said, "I hope they will come home soon."

But the Doctor could not drink his tea, and he did not read his paper, and every five minutes he opened the front door and looked out, and all was dark and silent; only a few snowflakes close to him looked white as they fell through the light from the open door. And the Doctor said, "There can't

be the slightest doubt they are at the farm."

But when Dr. Airey opened the door for the seventh time, Timothy's shoes ran in, and they were filled with snow. And when the Doctor saw them, he covered his face with his hands.

But in a moment more he had sent his manservant to the village for help, and Mrs. Airey was filling his flask, and he was tying on his comforter and cap, and fastening his leggings and greatcoat. Then he took his lantern and went out in the yard.

And there lay Bernardus with his big nose at the door of his kennel smelling the storm. And when he saw the light and heard footsteps, his great, melancholy,[1] human eyes brightened, and he moaned with joy. And when the men came up from the village and moved about with shovels and lanterns, he was nearly frantic,[2] for he thought, "This looks like business"; and he dragged at his kennel, as much as to say, "If you don't let me off the chain now, of all moments, I'll come on my own

[1] *Melancholy,* sad. [2] *Frantic,* wild.

responsibility and bring the kennel with me."

Then the Doctor unfastened the chain, and he tied Timothy's shoes round the dog's neck, saying, "Perhaps they will help to lead their wearer aright." And either the shoes did pull in the right direction, or the sagacity[1] of Bernardus sufficed him, for he started off without a moment's hesitation. The men followed him as fast as they were able, and from time to time Bernardus would look round to see if they were coming, and would wait for them. But if he saw the lanterns, he was satisfied and went on.

"There's something amiss," said a man, presently; "the dog's whining; he's stuck fast."

"Or perhaps he has found something," said the Doctor, trembling.

The Doctor was right. He had found Timothy, and Bramble, and the usher; and they were still alive.

* * * * * * *

"Mrs. Airey," said the Doctor, as, an hour later, they sat round the study fire wrapped

[1] *Sagacity,* keen sense.

in blankets, and drinking tumblers of hot compounds,[1] "Mrs. Airey, that is a creature above kennels. From this eventful evening I wish him to sleep under our roof."

And Mrs. Airey began, "Bless him!" and then burst into tears.

And Bernardus, who lay with his large eyes upon the fire, rejoiced in the depths of his doggish heart.

VI

The Shoes go Home

It is hardly needful to say that Timothy was reconciled[2] to his shoes. As to being ashamed of them — he would as soon have been ashamed of that other true friend of his, the usher. He would no more have parted with the shoes now than Dr. Airey would have parted with the dog Bernardus.

Alas! how often it happens that we do not fully value our best friends till they are about to be taken from us! It was a painful fact, but Timothy was outgrowing his shoes.

[1] *Compounds*, mixtures.
[2] *Reconciled*, had come to like them.

The day came on which the old shoes into which he could no longer squeeze his feet were polished for the last time, and put away in a cupboard in his mother's room; Timothy blacked them with his own hands, and the tears were in his eyes as he put them on the shelf.

"Good by, good little friends," said he; "I will try and walk as you have taught me."

Timothy's mother was much affected by this event. She could not sleep that night for thinking of the shoes in the cupboard.

Her meditations[1] kept her awake till dawn. The sun was just rising, and the good woman was just beginning to feel sleepy, and had once or twice lost sight of the bedroom furniture in a halfdream, when she was startled by a familiar sound, as of a child jumping down from some height to the floor. The habit of years was strong on her, and she cried: "Bless the boy! He'll break his neck!" as she had had reason to exclaim about one or other of her nine sons any day for the last twenty years.

[1] *Meditations*, thoughts.

But as she spoke the cupboard door swung slowly open, and Timothy's shoes came out and ran across the floor. They paused for an instant by his mother's bed, as if to say farewell, and then the bedroom door opened also and let them pass. Down the stairs they went, and they ran with that music of a childish patter that no foot in the house could make now; and the mother sobbed to hear it for the last time. Then she thought, "The house door is locked; they can't go away quite yet."

But in that moment she heard the house door turn slowly on its hinges. Then she jumped out of bed, and ran to the window, pushed it open, and leaned out.

In front of the house was a little garden, and before the little garden was a gate, and beyond the gate was a road, and beyond the road was a hill, and on the grass of the hill the dew lay thick and white, and morning mists rested on the top. The little shoes pattered through the garden, and the gate opened for them and shut after them. And they crossed the road, and went over the hill, leaving little footprints

in the dew. And they passed into the morning mists, and were lost to sight.

And when the sun looked over the hill and dried the dew, and sent away the mists, TIMOTHY'S SHOES were gone.

J. H. EWING.

Have you anything that pinches when you do wrong? What is it?

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
The shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.

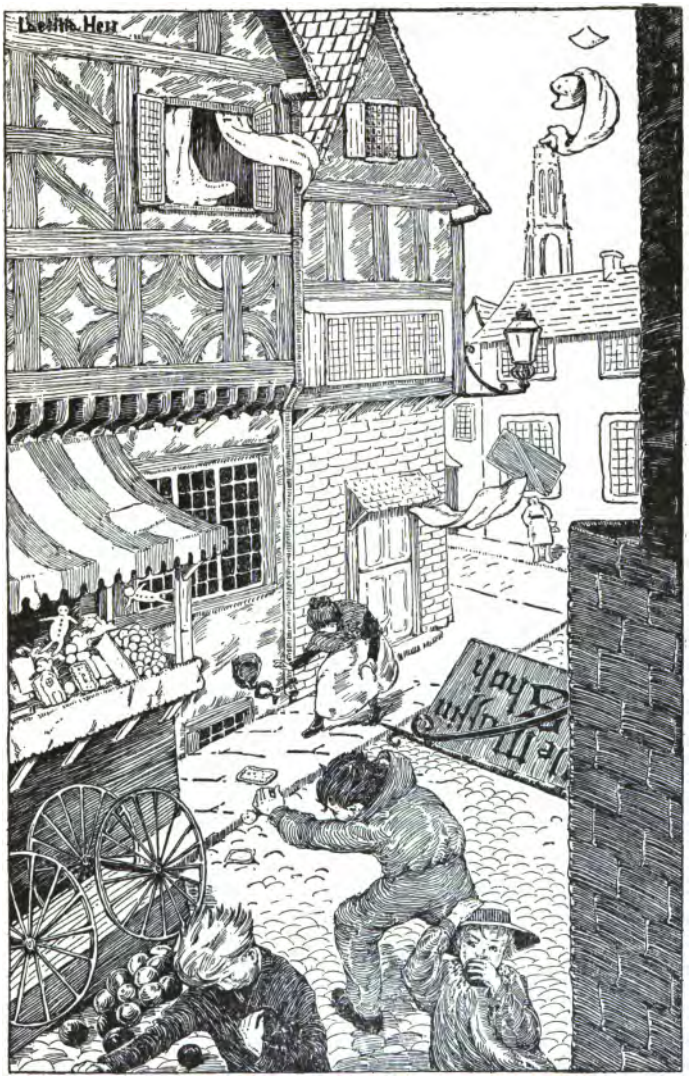
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;

And urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,

Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.
So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;

Puffing the birds, as they sat on a spray,
Or the travelers grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.



'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"

And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.
Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And it ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.

There were dames with kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps.
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs, laying on,

Where the thatch[1] from the roof threatened
soon to be gone.

But the wind passed on, and had met in the
lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and strug-
gled in vain,
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then
passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the
mud.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE PROUD KING

There was once a king who ruled over many lands; he went to war, and added one country after another to his kingdom. At last he came to be emperor, and that is as much as any man can be. One night, after he was crowned emperor, he lay awake and thought about himself.

"Surely," he said, "no one can be greater than I am, on earth or in heaven."

The proud king fell asleep with these

[1] *Thatch*, straw used for a roof.

thoughts. When he awoke, the day was fair, and he looked out on the pleasant world.

"Come," he said to the men about him; "today we will go a-hunting."

The horses were brought, the dogs came leaping, the horns sounded, and the proud king with his courtiers rode off to the sport. They had hunted all the morning, and were now in a deep wood. In the fields the sun had beat upon their heads, and they were glad of the shade of the trees; but the proud king wished for something more. He saw a lake not far off, and he said to his men: —

"Bide ye here, while I bathe in the lake and cool myself."

Then he rode apart till he came to the shore of the lake. There he got down from his horse, laid aside his clothes, and plunged into the cool water. He swam about, and sometimes dived beneath the surface, and so was once more cool and fresh.

Now while the proud king was swimming away from the shore and diving to the bottom, there came one who had the same face and form as the king. He drew

near the shore, dressed himself in the king's clothes, mounted the king's horse and rode away. So when the proud king was once more cool and fresh, and came to the place where he had left his clothes and his horse, there were no clothes to be seen, and no horse.

The proud king looked about, but saw no man. He called, but no one heard him. The air was mild, but the wood was dark, and no sunshine came through to warm him after his cool bath. He walked by the shore of the lake and cast about in his mind what he should do.

"I have it," he cried at last. "Not far from here lives a knight. It was but a few days ago that I made him a knight and gave him a castle. I will go to him, and he will be glad enough to clothe his king."

The proud king wove some reeds into a mat and bound the mat about him, and then he walked to the castle of the knight. He beat loudly at the gate of the castle and called for the porter. The porter came and stood behind the gate. He did not draw the bolt at once, but asked: —

"Who is there?"

"Open the gate," said the proud king, "and you will see who I am."

The porter opened the gate, and was amazed at what he saw.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Wretch!" said the proud king; "I am the emperor. Go to your master. Bid him come to me with clothes. I have lost both clothes and horse."

"A pretty emperor!" the porter laughed. "The great emperor was here not an hour ago. He came with his court from a hunt. My master was with him and sat at meat with him. But stay you here. I will call my master. Oh, yes! I will show him the emperor," and the porter wagged his beard and laughed, and went within.

He came forth again with the knight and pointed at the proud king.

"There is the emperor!" he said. "Look at him! Look at the great emperor!"

"Draw near," said the proud king to the knight, "and kneel to me. I gave thee this castle. I made thee knight. I give

thee now a greater gift. I give thee the chance to clothe thy emperor with clothes of thine own."

"You dog!" cried the knight. "You fool! I have just ridden with the emperor, and have come back to my castle. Here!" he shouted to his servants, "beat this fellow and drive him away from the gate."

The porter looked on and laughed.

"Lay on well," he said to the other servants. "It is not every day that you can flog an emperor."

Then they beat the proud king and drove him from the gate of the castle.

"Base knight!" said the proud king. "I gave him all he has, and this is how he repays me. I will punish him when I sit on my throne again. I will go to the duke who lives not far away. Him I have known all my days. He will know me. He will know his emperor."

So he came to the gate of the duke's great hall, and knocked three times. At the third knock the porter opened the gate, and saw before him a man clad only in a mat of reeds, and stained and bleeding.

"Go, I pray you, to the duke," said the proud king, "and bid him come to me. Say to him that the emperor stands at the gate. He has been robbed of his clothes and of his horse. Go quickly to your master."

The porter closed the gate between them, and went within to the duke.

"Your Grace," said he, "there is a madman at the gate. He is unclad and wild. He bade me come to you and tell you that he was the emperor."

"Here is a strange thing indeed," said the duke; "I will see it for myself."

So he went to the gate, followed by his servants, and when the porter opened it, there stood the proud king. The proud king knew the duke, but the duke saw only a bruised and beaten madman.

"Do you not know me?" cried the proud king. "I am your emperor. Only this morning you were on the hunt with me. I left you that I might bathe in the lake. While I was in the water, some wretch took both my clothes and my horse, and I have been beaten by a base knight."

"Put him in chains," said the duke to

his servants. "It is not safe to have such a man free. Give him some straw to lie on, and some bread and water."

The duke turned away and went back to his hall, where his friends sat at table.

"That was a strange thing," he said. "There was a madman at the gate. He must have been in the wood this morning, for he told me that I was on the hunt with the emperor, and so I was; and he told me that the emperor went apart to bathe in the lake, and so he did. But he said that some one stole the clothes and the horse of the emperor, yet the emperor rode back to us cool and fresh, and clothed, and on his horse. And he said,—" and the duke looked around on his guests.

"What did he say?"

"He said that he was the emperor."

Then the guests fell to talking and laughing, and soon forgot the strange thing. But the proud king lay in a dark prison, far even from the servants of the duke. He lay on straw, and chains bound his feet.

"What is this that has come upon me?" he said. "Am I brought so low? Am I

so changed that even the duke does not know me? At least there is one who will know me, let me wear what I may."

Then by much labor, he loosed the chains that bound him, and fled in the night from the duke's prison. When the morning came, he stood at the door of his own palace. He stood there awhile; perhaps some one would open the door and let him in. But no one came, and the proud king lifted his hand and knocked; he knocked at the door of his own palace. The porter came at last and looked at him.

"Who are you?" he asked, "and what do you want?"

"Do you not know me?" cried the proud king. "I am your master. I am the king. I am the emperor. Let me pass;" and he would have thrust him aside. But the porter was a strong man; he stood in the doorway, and would not let the proud king enter.

"You my master! you the emperor! poor fool, look here!" and he held the proud king by the arm while he pointed to a hall beyond. There sat the emperor on his throne, and by his side was the queen.

"Let me go to her! she will know me," cried the proud king, and he tried to break away from the porter. The noise without was heard in the hall. The nobles came out, and last of all came the emperor and the queen. When the proud king saw these two, he could not speak. He was choked with rage and fear, and he knew not what.

"You know me!" at last he cried. "I am your lord and husband."

The queen shrank back.

"Friends," said the man who stood by her, "what shall be done to this wretch?"

"Kill him," said one.

"Put out his eyes," said another.

"Beat him," said a third.

Then they all hustled the proud king out of the palace court. Each one gave him a blow, and so he was thrust out, and the door was shut behind him.

The proud king fled, he knew not whither. He wished he were dead. By and by he came to the lake where he had bathed. He sat down on the shore. It was like a dream, but he knew he was awake, for he was cold and hungry and faint. Then he knelt on

the ground and beat his breast, and said: —

"I am no emperor. I am no king. I am a poor, sinful man. Once I thought there was no one greater than I, on earth or in heaven. Now I know that I am nothing, and there is no one so poor and so mean. God forgive me for my pride."

As he said this, tears stood in his eyes. He wiped them away and rose to his feet. Close by him he saw the clothes which he had once laid aside. Near at hand was his horse, eating the soft grass. The king put on his clothes; he mounted his horse and rode to his palace. As he drew near the door opened and servants came forth. One held his horse; another helped him dismount. The porter bowed low.

"I marvel I did not see thee pass out, my lord," he said.

The king entered, and again saw the nobles in the great hall. There stood the queen also, and by her side was the man who called himself emperor. But the queen and the nobles did not look at him; they looked at the king, and came forward to meet him.

THE PROUD KING

This man also came forward, but he was clad in shining white, and not in the robes of the emperor. The king bowed his head before him.

"I am thy angel," said the man. "Thou wert proud, and made thyself to be set on high. Therefore thou hast been brought low. I have watched over thy kingdom. Now I give it back to thee, for thou art once again humble, and the humble only are fit to rule."

Then the angel disappeared. No one else heard his voice, and the nobles thought the king had bowed to them. So the king once more sat on the throne, and ruled wisely and humbly ever after.

Medieval Tale.

Do you recall any other story in this book that teaches the same lesson as this one?

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And the children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among the boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise.
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught.
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BENJY IN BEASTLAND

I

A BAD BOY

Benjy was a bad boy. His name was Benjamin, but he was always called Benjy.

Benjy had a taste for low company. Besides there was something about him which made you think how good for him it would be if he could be well scrubbed with hot water and soft soap both inside and out. But Benjy's worst fault was cruelty to animals. He had that taste for torture, that pleasure in other creatures' pain, which does seem to be born with some boys.

Benjy was one of three children, and the only boy. He had two little sisters, but they were younger than himself. They were nice, merry little things, and many boys would have liked them. But Benjy, as I have said, liked low company, and a boy with a taste for low company seldom cares for the society of his sisters. One of them said: "Benjy does not care for us, you know, because we are only girls. So we have taken Nox for our brother."

II

Nox

Nox, so called because he was as black as night, was a big curly dog, partly retriever

and partly Newfoundland. He was altogether black, except for his paws, which were brown. Now as the gray eyed little sisters elected him for their brother in the room of Benjy, it is but fair to compare the two.

Benjy, to look at, was smudgy and slovenly, and not at all handsome, for he hated tubs, and brushes, and soap, and cold water. He liked to lie late in the morning, and then was apt to shuffle on his clothes, and come down, having forgotten to brush his teeth, and with his hair still in dusty "cockatoos."

Nox rose early, delighted in cold water, and had teeth like ivory and hair as glossy as a raven's wing; his face beamed with intelligence and trustfulness, and his clear brown eyes looked straight into yours when you spoke to him, as if he would say, "Let my eyes speak for me, if you please; I have not the pleasure of understanding your language."

Benjy's waistcoat and shirt front were untidy and spotted with dirt.

The covering of Nox's broad chest was always glossy and in good order.

Benjy came into the drawing room with muddy boots and dirty hands.

Nox, if he had been out in the mud, would lie down on his return and lick his broad, soft, brown paws, like a cat, till they were clean.

Benjy destroyed lives with much wanton[1] cruelty.

Nox had saved lives at the risk of his own.

Near the dog's home ran a broad deep river. Here one could bathe and swim. Here also many an unfortunate animal found a watery grave. There was one place from which the poor wretches were generally thrown. Worn out articles of various sorts also were flung in here. Hither at early morning Nox would come. Not far from this spot an old willow tree spread its branches widely over the bank, and here and there stretched a long arm, and touched the river with its pointed fingers, and here Nox brought the bodies he rescued from the river and laid them down. Whatever the prize might be, he would toss his noble head, arch his neck, paw with his forefeet, and twist

[1] *Wanton*, without reason.

his curly back, as much as to say, "Will no one pat me as I deserve?"

Now it is hardly needful to say that between Benjy and Nox there was very little in common. There was reason for this. Benjy had more than once caused the death of animals belonging to other people, and the owners had made a fuss and an inquiry. At such times Benjy and Tom were accustomed to fasten a stone to the body and drop it into the river. The stones which had been tied with hurried or nervous fingers were apt to come off, and then the body of Neighbor Goodman's spaniel, or of old Lady Dumble's Angora cat, would float on the river, and tell their own true and terrible tale. But even then the current might have favored Benjy, and carried the bodies away, had it not been for Nox's early rounds whilst Benjy was still in bed.

III

Mister Rough

Mister Rough was another dog belonging to Benjy's father, and commonly regarded

as the property of Benjy himself. He was a wiry haired terrier, with clipped ears and tail, and a chain collar that jingled as he trotted about on his bent legs.

He was of a grizzled brown color, excepting his shirt front, which was white, and his toe tips, which were like the light colored toes of woolen socks. His eyes had been scratched by cats — though not quite out — his lean little body bore marks of all kinds of rough usage, and his bark was hoarse. Much training to encounter[1] rats and cats, hard usage, short rations,[2] and more kicks than pennies in his career had shortened his temper and his bark. He had been called "rough, tough, gruff, and up to snuff," and the description fitted well.

If Benjy had a kind feeling for any animal, it was for Mister Rough, though it might more truly be called admiration. And yet he treated him worse than Nox.

[1] *Encounter*, fight
[2] *Rations*, food supply.

IV

More Mischief

Benjy was in a mood for mischief. He even ventured to play a trick on Nox. Nox was a comfort-loving old fellow, and after a good deal of exercise in the fresh air he thoroughly enjoyed the drowsy effect of a plentiful meal, a warm room, and a comfortable hearth rug. It was one of these occasions that Benjy chose for teasing poor Nox. As he sat near him he kept lightly pricking his sensitive lips with a fine needle. Nox would half wake, shake his head, rub his lips with his paw in great disgust, and finally drop off again. When he was fairly asleep, Benjy recommenced, for he did dearly love to tease and torment, and this evening he was in a restless, mischievous mood. At last one prick was a little too severe; Nox jumped up with a start, and the needle went deeply in, the top breaking off with a jerk. But the remainder was fast in the flesh, where Benjy's little sisters discovered it.

Oh! how they wept for the sufferings of

their pet! They were not afraid of Nox, and had no fear in handling the powerful mouth whose sharp white teeth had so often pretended to bite their hands. At last the braver of the two held his lips and extracted[1] the needle, whilst the other wiped the tears from her sister's eyes that she might see what she was about. Nox himself sat still and moaned faintly, and wagged his tail very feebly: but when the operation was over he fairly knocked the little sisters down in his gratitude, and licked their faces till he was out of breath.

Then he talked to himself for a full half-hour about the injury, and who could have been the culprit.[2]

And then he fell asleep and dreamed of his enemy, and growled at him.

But Benjy went out and threw a stick at Mister Rough. And when Mister Rough caught it he swung him violently round and round. But Mister Rough's teeth were beginning to be the worse for wear, and at the fifth round he lost his hold for the first time in his career.

[1] *Extracted,* pulled out. [2] *Culprit,* the guilty one.

Then Benjy would have caught him to punish him, but either unnerved[1] by his failure, or suspicious of the wicked look in Benjy's eye, Mister Rough for the first time "feared his fate," and took to his heels. Benjy could not find him, but he found Tom, who was chasing a Scotch terrier with stones. So Benjy joined the sport, which would have been very good fun, but that one of the stones hit the poor beast on the head, and put an end to the chase.

And that night a neighbor's dog was lost, and there was another body in the river.

V

Benjy goes to the Moon

Benjy went to bed, but he could not sleep. He wished he had not put that dog in the river; it would get him into a scrape. He had been flogged for Mr. Goodman's spaniel, and though Mister Rough had been flogged for Lady Dumble's cat, Benjy knew on whose shoulders the flogging should by rights have descended. Then Nox seemed all right,

[1] *Unnerved*, having lost his "nerve."

in spite of the needle, and would no doubt pursue[1] his charities with sunrise. Benjy could not trust himself to get up early in the morning, but he could go out that night, and he would, with a hayfork, and get the body out of the water and hide or bury it.

When Benjy came to the river side a sort of fascination drew him to the Elm tree. What if the body were already there! But it was not. There was only a kitten, part of an old basket, and the roller of a jack-towel. And when Benjy looked up into the willow, the moon was looking down at him through the forked limbs of the tree, and it looked so large and so near, that Benjy thought that if he were sitting upon a certain branch he could touch it with his hand.

Then he thought of a book which had been his mother's and now belonged to his sisters, in which it was pretended that dogs went to the moon after their life on earth was over. The book had a picture representing the dogs sitting in the moon and relating their former experiences.[2]

[1] *Pursue,* follow up.
[2] *Experiences,* what had happened to them.

"It would be odd if the one we killed last night were up there now," said Benjy to himself. And he fancied that as he had said it the man in the moon winked at him.

"I wonder if it is really true," said Benjy aloud.

"Not exactly," said the man in the moon, "but something like it. This is Beastland. Won't you come up?"

"Well, I never did!" cried Benjy, whose English was not of the most refined order. "Oh, yes, you have," said the man in the moon, waggishly. "Now, are you coming up? But perhaps you cannot climb."

"Can't I?" said Benjy, and in three minutes he was on the branch and close to the moon. The higher he climbed the larger the moon looked, till it was like the biggest disk of light ever thrown by a magic lantern, and when he was fairly seated on the branch close by, he could see nothing but a blaze of white light all around him.

"Walk boldly in," he heard the man in the moon say. "Put out your feet, and don't be afraid; it's not so bright inside." So Benjy put his feet down, and dropped,

and thought he was certainly falling into the river. But he only fell upon his feet, and found himself in Beastland. It was an odd place truly!

VI

Manners in Beastland

The manners of the beasts in Beastland were of the best. They came in crowds and welcomed Benjy, each after his own fashion. The cats rubbed their heads against his legs and held their tails erect, as if they were presenting arms. The dogs wagged their tails, and barked and capered around him; except one French poodle, who "sat up" during the whole visit, as an act of politeness. The little birds sang and chirruped. The pigeons sat on his shoulders and cooed; two little swallows clung to the eaves of his hat, and twitched their tails, and said "Kiwit! kiwit!" A peacock with a spread tail went before him, and a flock of rose-colored cockatoos brought up the rear. Presently a wise and solemn old elephant came and knelt before Benjy; and Benjy got on his

back and rode in triumph, the other beasts following.

"Let us show him the lions!" cried all the beasts; and on they went.

But when Benjy found that they meant real lions — like lions in a menagerie,[1] but not in cages — he was frightened and would not go on. And he explained that by the "lions" of a place *he* meant the "sights." When the beasts understood this, they were most anxious to show him "lions" of his own kind.

So the wise-eyed beavers, whose black faces were as glossy as that of Nox, took him to their lodges, and showed him how they fell wood "up stream" with their sharp teeth, and float it down to the spot where they have decided to build, as the "logs" from American forests float down the rivers in spring. And as they displayed the wondrous forethought and ingenuity[2] of their common dwellings, a little caddis worm, in the water hard by, begged Benjy to observe that, on a smaller scale, his own house bore witness to similar patience and skill.

[1] *Menagerie,* an animal show. [2] *Ingenuity,* skill.

In another stream a little stickleback was sailing round and round the barrel-shaped nest over which he was keeping watch.

Then Benjy saw the wonderful galleries in the earth cities of the ants; the nests of the large hornet, the wasp, and the earwig.

Invitations came in fast. The "social grosbeaks" requested him to visit their city of nests in a distant wood; the "prairie dogs" wished to welcome him to their village of mounds, where each dog, sitting on his own little hut, eagerly awaited the honor of his visit. The rooks bade him to a solemn conference;[1] and a sentinel was posted on every alternate[2] tree, up to the place of meeting, to give notice of his approach. A spider, looking very like some little, old, hard-headed, wizen-faced genius! was really anxious to teach Benjy to make webs.

"Look here," said he; "we will suppose that you are ready and about to begin. Well; you look — anywhere, in fact — down into space, and decide to what point you wish to fasten your first line. Then — you have a ball of thread in your inside, of course?"

[1] *Conference*, meeting. [2] *Alternate*, every second one.

"I can't say that I have," said Benjy; "but I have a good deal of string in my pocket."

"That's all right," said the spider; "I call it thread; you call it string. Pocket or stomach, it's all the same, I suppose. Well — "

But just as the spider was at this point of his lesson, and all was going on most pleasantly, whizz! the telltale tit made its appearance, and soon whispered, first to one animal and then another, who and what Benjy was. The effect was magical. "Scandalous!" cried all the beasts; "the monster!" An old tabby cat puffed out her tail, and ran up a tree. "Boy!" she exclaimed in a tone of the deepest disgust; for in Beastland they say "boy" as a term of reproach where we should say "Beast."

The confusion was great, and the telltale tit reveled in it, hopping and flittering about, and adding a word here and there if the excitement seemed to flag.

"To think what he might do to us, if we were down yonder!" cried an old pug. She was a great grandmother, and so fat that she could hardly waddle.

"He is in *your* power up here, you know," said the telltale tit, suggestively.

"So he is!" cried the beasts; and with one voice they shouted "Punishment! Punishment! Bring him to the lion!" And to the lion he was brought, the beasts still crying, "Punishment! Punishment!"

"I'll punish him!" cried a donkey, who trotted up on hearing of the matter. "Let me get a lump of cold iron between his teeth, and tug and jerk it against the corners of his mouth. Let me pull in and flog at the same moment. Let me knock him over the head, and kick him in the ribs, and thwack his back, and prod his side; and I'll soon make him run, and take his nasty temper out of him, and teach him to carry any weight, and go gayly in harness."

"Gently, gently, my friend," said the lion. "You speak under a very natural feeling of irritation,[1] but if I am to be judge of this case, the prisoner must have fair play."

[1] *Irritation*, anger.

VII

The Trial

Accordingly the beasts placed themselves in a sort of circle, Benjy being put in the middle; and a bullfrog who lived in a ditch hard by was appointed to watch the case on his behalf. The bullfrog had big, watchful eyes, and was cool and cautious. As the case proceeded he occasionally said, "Omph!" which sounded thoughtful and committed him to nothing.

"What is the prisoner accused of?" asked the lion.

At this question everybody looked round for the telltale tit; but, like most mischief-makers, the good gossip liked nothing less than being brought to book, and had taken advantage of the confusion to fly away. So the other animals had to recall what they had heard as best they might.

"He ill uses and drowns dogs, hunts and kills cats —"

"Rough kills the cats," interrupted Benjy, for he was becoming alarmed.

"Omph!" said the bullfrog.

"Send for Mr. Rough," said the lion; and a messenger was dispatched. (It is not always needful to disturb yourself, dear reader, when your pet dog is absent without leave: he may have gone on business to Beastland.)

"Cock a doodle do! Flap, flap! send for more whilst you are about it," cried a handsome game cock, strutting into the midst. "Cock a doodle do! when I crow, let no other cock open his beak. There's a nice cock fighting, good for nothing young scapegrace! I know another of the same breed down yonder: his name is Tom. Let him be brought up and we will fasten spurs to their heels, and set them to kick each other, and tear each other's eyes out. It will be rare sport, and sport is a noble taste, and should be encouraged. Flap! flap! cock a doodle do!"

The cock was just stretched on his tiptoes, in the act of crowing, when a pattering of feet and the jingling of a chain collar were heard, and Mister Rough trotted brusquely[1] into the circle, with his clipped ears and his stumpy tail erect.

[1] *Brusquely*, sharply, roughly.

"Mister Rough," said the lion, "the prisoner says it is you and not he who torments the cats."

"Bowf, bowf, bowf!" replied the terrier, jumping wildly about in his stocking feet. "Whose fault is it? Wowf, wowf, wowf! who taught me to do it? Bowf, wowf! that bad boy there. Rowf, rowf! let me get hold of him by the small of the back, and I'll shake him as I would shake a rat. Rowf, wowf, bowf!"

"*Manners!*" cried the man in the moon, and there was silence at once. "Then he has not gone to Norwich after all!" said Benjy to himself.

Mister Rough further said that he hunted cats by the teaching and orders of Benjy and other human beings. That he could not now see a cat without a feeling which he could only describe as madness seizing him, which obliged him to chase and dispatch puss without any delay. He never felt this sensation towards the cat of his own house, in her own kitchen. They were quite friendly and ate from the same dish. He admitted that he had a natural taste for

tearing things, and preferred fur to any other material. But he said that an occasional slipper or other article would have served the purpose, but for his education, especially if the slipper or other article were hairy or trimmed with fur.

"That is nothing," cried the old tabby indignantly; "he has been guilty of the most horrible cruelties, and they ought to be paid back to him in kind. Sss, spt, he's a boy, I say, a regular boy!"

"Omph!" said the bullfrog, and went below to consider the case.

"Gentlebeasts," said the lion, "I consider it unnecessary to hear more evidence[1] against the prisoner, especially as no attempt is made to deny his cruelties, though in the matter of cat-hunting he implicates[2] Mister Rough. The only open question is that of punishment. As you have placed the matter in my hands, I will beg you to wait until I have taken three turns and given the subject serious thought."

But instead of three turns, the lion took seven, pacing majestically round and round,

[1] *Evidence*, proof. [2] *Implicates*, charges as also guilty.

and now and then lashing his tail. At last he resumed his seat; the bullfrog put his green head up again, and the lion gave judgment.

"Gentlebeasts, birds, and fishes, I have given this subject most serious thought, and I trust that my decision will not give offense. Our friend, Madame Tabby, declares that the prisoner should be punished with a like cruelty to that which he has inflicted.[1] Friend Donkey is ready to ride or drive him with all the kicking, beating, and pulling which soured his own temper, and stunted his faculties[2] in their early development. I must frankly roar that I am not in favor of this.

"My friends, let us not degrade ourselves to the level of men. We know that they are too often stupid in their kindness, vindictive[3] in their anger, and not seldom cruel. Is this our character as a class? Do we even commonly retaliate[4]? Ask friend Donkey himself. Does the treatment which blunts the intelligence, and twists the temper of so

[1] *Inflicted*, given.
[2] *Faculties*, powers of mind.
[3] *Vindictive*, revengeful.
[4] *Retaliate*, pay back.

many of his race, prevent their doing on the whole the most work for the roughest usage of all the servants of man?

"Need I speak of dogs? Do they bear malice towards a harsh master? Are they unfaithful because he is unkind? Would Mr. Rough permit any one to touch an article of his master's property, or grudge his own life in his defense?

"No, my friends, we are beasts, remember, not boys. We have our own ideas of chase and sport, like men; but cruelty is not one of our vices. I believe, gentlebeasts, that it is a principle of the human race to return good for evil; but according to my experience the practice is more common among ourselves.

"Gentlebeasts, we cannot treat this boy as he has treated us; but he is unworthy of our society, and I condemn him to be expelled. Some of our dog friends have taken refuge here with tin kettles at their tails. Let one of these be fastened to Benjy, and let him be chased from Beastland."

VIII

The Punishment

This was no sooner said than done. And with an old tin pan cutting his heels at every step, Benjy was hunted from the moon. The lion gave one terrific roar at the signal for starting, and all the beasts, with Mr. Rough at their head, gave chase. Benjy ran and ran till he got to the end of the moon, and jumped off, Mister Rough jumping after him. Down, down they went through space past the Great Bear, where were all the ghosts of the big wild beasts; past the Little Bear, where were the ghosts of all the small wild beasts; close by the Dog Star, where good dogs go when they die, and where "the dog in the manger" sat outside and must never go in till all the dogs are assembled.[1]

Down, down they went, on on! How far and long it seemed! And now it was no longer night but morning, and the sun shone, and still they went on, on, down, down; Benjy crying, "Oh! Oh!" and Rough and

[1] *Assembled*, gathered together

BENJY IN BEASTLAND

his chain collar going "Bowf, wowf, jingle, jingle!" till they came close above the river, and before Benjy could give an extra shriek the two were floundering in the water.

Rough soon swam ashore, but Benjy could not swim, and the water sucked him down as it has sucked down many a dog in that very spot. Then Benjy choked, and gasped, and struggled as his victims had so often choked, and gasped, and struggled under his eyes. And he fought with the suffocation[1] till it seemed as if his head must burst, yet he could not cry out, for the cold water gagged him.

Then he grasped at something that floated by, but it gave him no help, for it was a dead dog — the one he had thrown into the river the evening before. And horror chilled him more than the cold water had done, as he thought now he himself must be drowned. A rook on a tree hard by cried, "Serve him right! serve him right!" whilst the frogs on the river's brink sat staring at the crushed bodies of their relatives, and croaked, "Stone him! stone him!"

[1] *Suffocation*, smothering.

A pike hovering[1] near could owe him no grudge, for the creatures he had drowned had afforded it many a meal. But, like most accomplices,[2] the pike was selfish, and only waited for the time when it could eat Benjy too.

Meanwhile, some one on the bank was giving short barks, like minute guns of distress, that had quite a different meaning.

And then Benjy sank; and as he went down the remembrance of all his cruelties rushed over his mind, as the water rushed over his body. All, from the first bumblebee he had tortured, to the needle in Nox's lip, came together in one hideous crowd to his remembrance, till even the soul of Benjy sickened, and he loathed[3] himself.

And now he arose again for a moment to the surface, and caught a breath of air, and saw the blue sky, and heard a corn crake in the field where his sisters had wanted him to go cowslip gathering; and he fancied that he saw the beautiful black head of

[1] *Hovering*, moving about close by.
[2] *Accomplices*, fellow criminals.
[3] *Loathed*, had great disgust.

Nox also in the water, and found himself saying in his heart, "No, no! thank God, I didn't kill him."

And then he sank again. And he thought of his home, and his father and his mother, and the little sisters whom he had teased; and how he had got them into scrapes, and killed their pets, and laughed at their tears.

And he remembered how they had come to meet him last midsummer holidays, with flowers in their hats and flowers round the donkey's ears; and how he had prodded poor Neddy with a stick having a sliding spike. And what fun he had found in the starts of the donkey and in the terror of the children. And then he thought of the cosy bed and his mother's nightly blessing, never more to be his.

IX

The Rescue

And then he rose again, and there was the noble head of old Nox not three feet from him. He could see the clear brown eyes fixed eagerly upon him, and he thought, "He is coming to revenge himself on me."

But he did not mind, for he was almost past feeling any new pain. Only he gave one longing, wistful look towards the home that had been his. And as he looked a lark rose and went up into the summer sky. And as the lark went up, up, Benjy went down, down.

The lark was almost out of sight; but close to Benjy's pallid face was a soft black nose, and large brown eyes met his with an expression neither revengeful nor affectionate. It was businesslike, earnest, and somewhat eager and proud.

And then the soft, sensitive mouth he had wounded seized Benjy with a hold as firm and as gentle as if he had been a rare waterfowl, and Nox paddled himself round with his broad brown paws, and made gallantly for the shore.

Benjy was much heavier than a dead cat, and the big brave beast had hard work of it; so that by the time he had dragged the body to the land, Nox was too far spent to toss his head and carry his prize about as usual. He dropped Benjy and lay down by him, with one paw on the body, as much as

to say, "Let no person meddle in this matter."

But when he had rested, he took up Benjy in his mouth, and trotted with his burden to the willow tree, where he laid Benjy down side by side with two dead dogs, a kitten, and an old hat.

After which he shook himself, and went home to breakfast.

* * * * * * *

Benjy was duly found under the willow tree, and taken home. For a long time he was very ill, though at last he recovered; and I am bound to state that some of his relatives do not believe in his visit to Beastland. They believe that he fell from the willow tree into the water, and that his visit to the moon is a fancy woven during illness by his fevered brain.

However that may be, Benjy and beasts were afterward on very different terms.

J. H. Ewing.

Have you a pet animal?
What is it?
Do you wish it could talk?
Write a story making it tell what it thinks of you.

AHAB MOHAMMED

A peasant stood before a king and said,
"My children starve, I come to thee for bread."
On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned
The king, and looked on him that prayed and moaned,
Who cried again, — "For bread I come to thee."
For grief, like wine, the tongue will render free.
Then said the prince with simple truth, "Behold
I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
And wrought with skill the vessels which they bring
To fitly grace the banquet of a king.
But at my gate the Mede[1] triumphant[2] beats,
And die for food my people in the streets.
Yet no good father hears his child complain
And gives him stones for bread, for alms, disdain.
Come, thou and I will sup together — come."

[1] *Mede,* an enemy of the king. [2] *Triumphant,* victorious.

The wondering courtiers saw — saw and were dumb:
Then followed with their eyes where Ahab led
With grace the humblest guest, amazed, to share his bread.

Him half abashed the royal host withdrew
Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
Silent, behind, the folds of purple closed,
In marble life the statues stood disposed;
From the high ceiling, perfume breathing, hung
Lamps rich, pomegranate-shaped, and golden-swung.
Gorgeous the board with massive metal shone,
Gorgeous with gems arose in front a throne:
These through the Orient[1] lattice saw the sun.
If gold there was, of meat and bread was none,
Save one small leaf; this stretched his hand and took
Ahab Mohammed, prayed to God, and broke;

[1] *Orient*, eastern.

AHAB MOHAMMED

One half his yearning nature bade him crave,
The other gladly to his guest he gave.
"I have no more to give," he cheerily said,
"With thee I share my only loaf of bread."
Humbly the stranger took the offered crumb
Yet ate not of it, standing meek and dumb.
With lifted eyes, the wondering Ahab saw
His rags fall from him as the snow in thaw.
Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him turned;
All Ahab's soul within him throbbed and burned.

"Ahab Mohammed," spoke the vision then,
"From this thou shalt be blessèd among men.
Go forth; thy gates the Mede bewildered flees,
Thy people Allah thank upon their knees.
He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
Of him the recording angel shall take heed.

But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
His deeds are more to God, yea, more than finest gold."

JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARÉ.

THE STORY OF OCELLO

I

Once upon a time, there was a young girl, who had the pretty name of Ocello. I say, once upon a time, because I do not know when the time was, nor do I know what the place was, though the story, in the main, is a true story. I do not mean that I sat by and saw Ocello when she wove and when she spun. But I know she did weave and did spin. I do not mean that I heard her speak the words I tell of; for it was many, many hundred years ago. But I do know that she must have said some such words; for I know many of the things which she did, and much of what kind of girl she was.

She grew up like other girls in her country. She did not know how to read. None of them knew how to read. But

she knew how to braid straw, and to make fish nets and to catch fish. She did not know how to spell. Indeed, in that country they had no letters. But she knew how to split open the fish she had caught, how to clean them, how to broil them on the coals, and how to eat them neatly. She had never studied the "analysis[1] of her language." But she knew how to use it like a lady; that is, prettily, simply, without pretense, and always truly. She could sing her baby brother to sleep! She could tell stories to her sisters all day long. And she and they were not afraid, when evening came, or when they were in any trouble, to say a prayer aloud to the good God. So they got along, although they could not "analyze"[2] their language. She knew her geography. She could count her fingers, and the stars in the Southern Cross. She had never seen Orion, or the stars in the Great Bear, or the Polar Star.

Ocello was very young when she married

[1] *Analysis*, grammatical division of sentences.

[2] *Analyze*, to divide, as a sentence into its parts of speech, etc.

a young kinsman, with whom she had grown up since they were babies. Nobody knows much about him. But he loved her and she loved him. And when morning came they were not afraid to pray to God together, and when night came she asked her husband to forgive her if she had troubled him, and he asked her to forgive him, so that their worries and trials never lasted out the day. And they lived a very happy life till they were very old and died.

There is a bad gap in the beginning of their history. I do not know how it happened. But the first I knew of them, they had left their old home and were wandering alone on foot toward the South. Sometimes I have thought that an earthquake had wrecked their old happy home. Sometimes I have thought that there was some horrid pestilence,[1] or fire. No matter what happened, something happened, so that Ocello and her husband, of a hot, very hot day, were alone under a forest of laurels mixed with palms, with bright flowering orchids on them, looking like a hundred butterflies;

[1] *Pestilence,* any dreadful disease, attacking many.

ferns, half as high as the church is, tossing over them; nettles as large as trees, and tangled vines, threading through the whole. They were tired, oh, how tired! hungry, oh, how hungry! and hot and foot-sore.

"I wish so we were out of this hole," said he to her, "and yet I am afraid of the people we shall find when we come down to the lake side."

"I do not know," said Ocello, "why they should want to hurt us."

"I do not know why they should want to," said he, "but I am afraid that they will hurt us."

"But we do not want to hurt them," said she. "For my part, all I want is a shelter to live under; and I will help them take care of their children, and

"I will spin their flax,
And weave their thread,
And pound their corn,
And bake their bread."

"How will you tell them that you will do this?" said he.

"I will do it," said Ocello, "and that will be better than telling them."

"But do you not just wish," said he, "that you could speak five little words of their language, to say to them that we come as friends, and not as enemies?"

Ocello laughed very heartily. "Enemies," said she; "terrible enemies, who have two sticks for their weapons, two old bags for their stores, and cotton clothes for their armor. I do not believe more than half of the army will turn out against us."

So Ocello pulled out the potatoes from the ashes, and found they were baked, and took a little salt from her haversack or scrip, and told her husband that dinner would be ready, if he would only bring some water. He pretended to groan, but went, and came in a few minutes with two gourds[1] full, and they made a very merry meal.

II

The same evening they came cautiously down to the beautiful meadowland which surrounded the lake they had seen. It is

[1] *Gourds:* cups made of gourds.

one of the most beautiful countries in the world. It was an hour before sunset, the hour, I suppose, when all countries are most beautiful. Ocello and her husband came joyfully down the hill, through a little track the llamas had made toward the water, wondering at the growth of the wild grasses, and, indeed, the freshness of all the green; when they were startled by meeting a horde of the poor, naked, half starved Indians, who were just as much alarmed to meet them.

I do not think that the most stupid of them could have supposed Ocello an enemy, nor her husband. For they stepped cheerfully down the path, waving boughs of fresh cinchona[1] as tokens of peace, and looking kindly and pleasantly on the poor Indians, as I believe nobody had looked on them before.

There were fifty of the savages, but it was true that they were as much afraid of the young Northerners as if they had been an army. They saw them coming down the hill, with the western sun behind them, and

[1] *Cinchona*, a tree common in Peru. The medicine *quinine* is made from its bark.

THE STORY OF OCELLO

one of the women cried out, "They are children of the sun, they are children of the sun!" and Ocello and her husband so looked as if they had come from a better world that all the other savages believed it.

But the two young people came down so kindly and quickly that the Indian women could not well run away. And when Ocello caught one of the little babies up, and tossed it in her arms, and fondled it, and made it laugh, the little girl's mother laughed too. And when they had all once laughed together, peace was made between them all, and Ocello saw where the Indian women had been lying, and what their poor little shelters were, and she led the way there, and sat down on a log that had fallen there, and called the children round her, and began teaching them a funny game with a bit of crimson cord.

Nothing pleases savage people or tame people more than attention to their children, and in less time than I have been telling this they were all good friends. The Indian women produced supper. Pretty poor supper it was. Some freshwater clams from

the lake, some snails which Ocello really shuddered at, but some bananas which were very nice, and some ulloco, a root Ocello had never seen before, and which she thought sickish. But she acted on her motto. "I will do the best I can," she had said all along; so she ate and drank, as if she had always been used to raw snails and to ulloco,[1] and made the wild women laugh by trying to imitate the names of the strange food. In a few minutes after supper the sun set. There is no twilight in that country. When the sun goes down,

"Like battle target red, —
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the whole wave with ruddy light,
Then sinks at once, and all is night."

The savage people showed the strangers a poor little booth to sleep in, and went away to their own lairs, with many prostrations,[2] for they really thought them "children of the sun."

[1] *Ulloco*, a South American plant, somewhat like a potato.
[2] *Prostration*, lying on the face in token of worship.

Ocello and her husband laughed very heartily when they knew they were alone. Ocello made him promise to go in the morning early for potatoes, and oca, and mashua,[1] which are two other tubers like potatoes which grow there. "And we will show them," she said, "how to cook them." For they had seen by the evening feast that the poor savage people had no knowledge of the use of fire. So, early in the morning, he went up a long way on the lake shore, and returned with strings of all these roots, and with another string of fish he had caught in a brook above. And when the savage people waked and came to Ocello's hut, they found her and her husband just starting their fire, — a feat these people had never seen before.

He had cut with his copper knife a little groove in some soft palm wood, and he had fitted in it a round piece of iron wood, and round the iron wood had bound a bow string, and while Ocello held the palm wood firm, he made the iron wood fly round and round, till the pith of the palm smoked,

[1] *Oca* and *mashua*, Peruvian plants.

and smoked, and at last a flake of the pitch caught fire, and then another and another, and Ocello dropped other flakes upon these, and blew them gently, and fed them with dry leaves, till they were all in a blaze.

The savage people looked on with wonder and terror. They cried out when they saw the blaze, "The children of the sun, — they are children of the sun!" and ran away. Ocello and her husband did not know what they said, and went on broiling the fish and baking the potatoes, and the mashua, and the oca, and the ulloco.

And when they were ready, Ocello coaxed some of the children to come back, and next their mothers came and next the men. But still they said, "The children of the sun." And when they ate of the food that had been cooked for them, they said it was the food of the immortals.

III

Now, in Ocello's home, this work of making the fire from wood had been called

menial work, and was left to servants only. But even the princes of that land were taught never to order another to do what they could not do themselves. And thus it happened that the two young travelers could do it so well. And thus it was, that, because they did what they could, the savages honored them with such exceeding honor, and because they did the work of servants they called them gods. As it is written: "He who is greatest among you shall be your servant."

And this was much the story of that day and many days. While her husband went off with the men, taught them how to catch the fish, and how they could catch huanacos,[1] Ocello sat in the shade with the children, who were never tired of pulling the crimson cord around her waist, and at the tassels of her headdress.

All savage children are curious about the dress of their visitors. So it was easy for Ocello to persuade them to go with her and pick tufts of wild cotton, till they had quite a store of it, and then to teach them to spin

[1] *Huanacos*, small humped burden-bearing animals.

it on distaffs she made for them from laurel-wood, and at last to braid it and to knit it, till at last one night, when the men came home, Ocello led out thirty of the children in quite a grand procession, dressed all of them in pretty cotton suits they had knit for themselves, instead of the filthy, greasy skins they had always worn before. This was a great triumph for Ocello; but when the people would gladly have worshiped her, she only said, "I did what I could, I did what I could, say no more, say no more."

And as the year passed by, she and her husband taught the poor people how, if they would only plant the maize,[1] they could have all they wanted in the winter, and if they planted the roots of the ulloco, and the oca, and the mashua, and the potato, they would have all they needed of them; how they might make long fishways for the fish, and pitfalls for the llama.[2] And they learned the language of the poor people, and taught them the language to which they themselves were born. And year by year their homes

[1] *Maize,* Indian corn.
[2] *Llama,* an animal like the huanaco.

grew neater and more cheerful. And year by year the children were stronger and better. And year by year the world in that part of it was more and more subdued to the will and purpose of a good God. And whenever Manco, Ocello's husband, was discouraged, she always said, "We will do the best we can," and always it proved that that was all that a good God wanted them to do.

IV

It was from the truth and steadiness of those two people, Manco and Ocello, that the great nation of Peru was raised up from a horde of savages, starving in the mountains, to one of the most civilized and happy nations of their times. Unfortunately for their descendants, they did not learn the use of iron or gunpowder, so that the cruel Spaniards swept them and theirs away. But for hundreds of years they lived peacefully and happily, growing more and more civilized with every year, because the young Ocello and her husband, Manco, had done what they could for them.

They did not know much. But what they knew they could do. They were not, so far as we know, skillful in talking. But they were cheerful in acting.

They did not hide their light under a bushel. They made it shine on all that came around. Their duties were the humblest, only making a fire in the morning, cleaning potatoes and cooking them, spinning, braiding, twisting, and weaving. This was the best Ocello could do. She did that, and in doing it she reared an empire. We can contrast her life with that of the savages around her. As we can see a drop of blood when it falls into a cup of water, we can see how that one life swayed theirs. If she had lived among her kindred, and done at home these simple things, we should never have heard her name. But none the less would she have done them. None the less, year in and year out, century in and century out, would the sweet, loving, true, unselfish life have told in God's service. And He would have known it, though you and I — who are we? — had never heard of her name!

Forgotten! do not ever think that anything is forgotten!

E. E. Hale.

Find out all the facts you can about Dr. Hale, who wrote this story, and write them.

SONG OF THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Phillip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget me nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimmering swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

TENNYSON.

How many different things does the brook speak of doing? If you ever followed a brook along its course, tell about it.

AN AMERICAN KING DAVID

When the Spaniards, under the famous Cortez,[1] came to Mexico in 1519, they found the country inhabited by a people very unlike our North American Indians.

They had cities, palaces, and temples,

[1] *Cortez*, a celebrated Spanish explorer.

which astonished the Europeans by their riches and magnificence; and they were governed by monarchs who lived in the greatest luxury. In some of the arts of civilization they excelled the Spaniards themselves. They had a knowledge of astronomy; and Cortez found their method of reckoning time — making allowance for the fraction of a day over the three hundred and sixty-five days in each year — more exact than the Christian calendar.

They had vast farm lands watered by artificial means; and their beautiful gardens gave Europe a lesson in horticulture.[1] On the lakes about the City of Mexico were floating gardens, formed of rafts covered with rich mud from the lake bottom and glowing with the luxuriant[2] flowers and fruits of the tropics — the wonder of the Spaniards.

They were skilled in arts of war as well as in those of peace. They had bows and arrows, lances, and other weapons; and their generals knew something of strategy[3]

[1] *Horticulture*, gardening.
[2] *Luxuriant*, growing richly.
[3] *Strategy*, science of warfare.

and the wielding of great armies. But they knew nothing of powder or guns; and they had no horses. So when the Spaniards came with their loud-roaring artillery and musketry, and with mounted men who seemed a part of the strange beasts they managed, the natives, though they fought desperately for a while, gave way at last; and in their defeat we have the romantic story of a numerous and powerful people conquered by a mere handful of Spanish troops.

The most enlightened of all the tribes then inhabiting the country were the Tezcucans. Tezcuco, the capital of their country, was on the eastern side of the lake Tezcuco, near the western side of which was Mexico, the capital of the renowned Aztec emperor, Montezuma.

The Tezcucans and Aztecs were confederates[1] in war, and, if left to themselves, would probably have become one nation, in the course of time extending their sway over all the races of North America. But the swelling wave of native civilization was met

[1] *Confederates*, partners.

by a mightier wave from the Old World, and the spirit and power of these extraordinary people sank, never to rise again. In the sad and broken-spirited Mexican Indians of to-day, it is hard to recognize the children of the warlike and industrious tribes whom the Spaniards came to plunder and to convert to their own religion.

About a hundred years before the coming of Cortez there lived a Tezcucan prince, Nezahualcoyotl,[1] whose history is of peculiar interest. In his youth, like David, the Hebrew king, whom in many points he resembled, he was obliged to flee for his life from the wrath of a morose monarch who occupied the throne, and he met with many romantic adventures and had many hairbreadth escapes.

Once, when some soldiers came to take him in his own house, he vanished in a cloud of incense, such as attendants burn before princes, and concealed himself in a sewer until his enemies were gone. He fled to the mountains, where he slept in caves and thickets and lived on wild fruits, occa-

[1] Nez-a-whal-coy-otl.

sionally showing himself in the cottages of the poor people, who befriended their prince at the peril of their own lives.

Again, when closely pursued, in passing a girl who was reaping in a field, he begged her to cover him from sight with the stalks of grain she was cutting. She did so, and, when his enemies came up, directed the pursuit into a false path. At another time he took refuge with some soldiers who were friendly to him, and who covered him with a war drum around which they were dancing. No bribe could induce his faithful people to betray him.

The prince was the rightful heir to the throne, and, growing every day in the favor of the people, he found himself at last at the head of an army. The bad king was more and more detested as a usurper,[1] and his forces were routed; and the prince who so lately fled for his life, was now proclaimed king.

He at once set about reforming abuses and making wise laws for his kingdom. He established a society devoted to the en-

[1] *Usurper*, one who unlawfully takes another's place.

couragement of science and art. He gave prizes for the best literary composition (for these people had a sort of picture writing), as he was himself a poet, like King David. Some of his poems, which were of a religious character, have been preserved and translated. The Tezcucans, like the Aztecs, were idolaters, who indulged in cruel rites, but this wise and good king endeavored to wean his people from them, declaring, like David, that above all idols, and over all men, ruled an unseen spirit who was the one God.

The king used to disguise himself and go about among his people, in order to learn who were happy, how the laws were administered, and what was thought of his government. On one such occasion he fell in with a boy gathering sticks in a field.

"Why do you not go into yonder forest, where you will find plenty of wood?" asked the disguised monarch.

"Ah," cried the boy, "that forest belongs to the king, and he would have me killed if I should take his wood; for that is the law."

"Is he so hard a man as that?"

"Ay, that he is — a very hard man indeed, who denies his people what God has given them."

"It is a bad law," said the king, "and I advise you not to mind it. Come, there is no one here to see you; go into the forest and help yourself to the sticks."

"No, indeed! I will not," exclaimed the boy.

"Are you afraid some one will come and find you? Do not fear! I will keep watch for you," urged the king.

"Will you take the punishment in my place if I chance to be caught? No, no," cried the boy, shaking his head: "I should risk my life if I took the king's wood."

"But I tell you it will be no risk," said the king. "I will protect you. Go and get some wood."

Upon that the boy turned and looked him boldly in the face. "I believe you are a traitor," he cried, — "an enemy of the king; or else you want to get me into trouble. But you can't. I know how to take care of myself; and I shall show respect to the laws, though they are bad."

The boy went on gathering sticks, and in the evening went home with his fuel. The next day his parents were astonished to receive a summons to appear, with their son, before the king. As they went tremblingly into his presence, the boy recognized the man with whom he had talked the day before, and he turned deadly pale.

"If that be the king," he said, "then we are no better than dead folks." But the king descended from his throne and smilingly said, "Come here, my son. Come here, good people, both. Fear nothing. I met this lad in the fields yesterday, and tried to persuade him to disobey the law. But I found him proof against all temptation. I have sent for you to tell you what a good and honest son you have, and that the law is to be changed so that poor people can go anywhere in the king's forests and gather the wood they find on the ground."

He then dismissed the lad and his parents, with presents which made them rich for the rest of their lives.

J. T. Trowbridge.

MARCH

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green fields sleep in the sun;
The oldest and youngest,
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill,
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping, anon, anon;
There's joy in the mountains;
There's joy in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WARREN'S ADDRESS

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will you give it up to slaves?
Will you look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! — and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell! JOHN PIERPONT.

THE STORY OF CREATION

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void;[1] and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, "Let there be light:" and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God said, "Let there be a firmament, in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." And God made the firmament,[2] and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

And God said, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear:" and it was so.

[1] *Void*, empty, vacant.

[2] *Firmament*, the wide space in which the stars are fixed.

And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called the Seas: and God saw that it was good. And God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth:" and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, and the herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And God said, "Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years, and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth:" and it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light

from the darkness: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

And God said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven." And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And God said, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind:" and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

And God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them

have dominion[1] over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." And God said, "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat:" and it was so. And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

[1] *Dominion*, control.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified[1] it because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

These are the generations[2] of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

[1] *Sanctified*, blessed. [2] *Generations*, beginnings, in order.

The Garden of Eden

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.

And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

The Creation of Eve

And the Lord God said, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him." And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of

the field, and every foul of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found a helpmeet for him. And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from the man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.

Now the serpent was more subtile[1] than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" And the woman said unto the serpent, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." And the serpent said unto the woman, "Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.

[1] *Subtile,* subtle, deceitful.

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?" And he said, "I heard thy voice in the garden and I was afraid, because I was naked and I hid myself." And he said, "Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?" And the man said, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And the Lord God said unto the woman, "What is this that thou hast done?" And the woman said, "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat." And unto Adam he said, "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, "Thou shalt not eat of it:" cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the

field: in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living. Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them.

And the Lord God said, "Behold, the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil." And now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live forever, the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man, and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim,[1] and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

Genesis.

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES

That way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby show!
See the kitten on the wall,

[1] *Cherubim,* angels, plural of cherub.

Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves — one, two, and three,
From the lofty elder tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,[1]
Each invisible[2] and mute,
In his wavering[3] parachute.[4]
— But the kitten — how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now — now one —
Now they stop, and there are none.
What intenseness[5] of desire
In her upward eye of fire!

[1] *Descending*, going down. [2] *Invisible*, cannot be seen.
[3] *Wavering*, moving unsteadily from side to side.
[4] *Parachute*, an object like a big umbrella, in which balloonists come down safely.
[5] *Intenseness*, great eagerness.

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES

With a tiger leap halfway
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again.
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;[1]
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands, with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding[2] pleasure.
'Tis a pretty baby treat;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet.

Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty kitten! from thy freaks;
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Dora's face.
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms

[1] *Conjurer*, one who plays tricks.
[2] *Exceeding*, very great.

Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine[1]
That your transports are not mine;
That I do not wholly fare
Even as you do, thoughtless pair!
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness,
— Pleased by any random toy;
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy;[2]
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss,
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund[3] thought;
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol[4] with Life's falling leaf.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[1] *Repine*, be sorry.
[2] *Ecstasy*, great pleasure.
[3] *Jocund*, glad.
[4] *Gambol*, play.

MOUFFLOU

I

Moufflou's masters were some boys and girls. They were very poor, but they were very merry. They lived in an old, dark, tumble-down place, and their father had been dead five years; their mother's care was all they knew; and Tasso was the eldest of them all, a lad of nearly twenty, and he was so kind, so good, so cheerful, and so gentle, that the children, all younger than he, adored him. Tasso was a gardener. Tasso, however, though the eldest and mainly the breadwinner, was not so much Moufflou's master as was little Romolo, who was only ten, and a cripple. Romolo, called generally Lolo, had taught Moufflou all he knew; and that all was a very great deal, for nothing cleverer than was Moufflou had ever walked upon four legs.

Lolo, being lame and of delicate health, was not able to go to school or to work, though he wove the straw covering of wine-flasks and plaited the cane matting with busy fingers. But for the most part he did

as he liked, and spent most of his time watching the venders of earthenware at their trucks, or trotting with his crutch (and he could trot a good many miles when he chose) out with Moufflou into the fields on the hillside upon the other bank of Arno. Moufflou and he would spend half the day — all the day — out there in daffodil time; and Lolo would come home with great bundles and sheaves of golden flowers, and he and Moufflou were happy.

His mother never liked to say a harsh word to Lolo, for he was lame through her fault: for she had let him fall in his baby-hood, and the mischief had been done to his hip, never again to be undone. So she never raised her voice to him, though she did often to the others, — to curly-pated Cecco, and pretty black-eyed Dina, and saucy Bice, and sturdy Beppo, and even to the good, manly, hard working Tasso. Tasso was the mainstay of the whole, though he was but a gardener's lad, working in the green Cascine at small wages.

One morning Lolo sat as usual on the parapet of the church, Moufflou beside him.

It was a brilliant morning in September. It was about eleven o'clock; big bronze bells were booming till they seemed to clang right up to the deep blue sky; some Brethren of the Miserecordia[1] went by, bearing a black bier; a large sheaf of glowing flowers — dahlias, zinnias, asters, and daturas — was borne through the huge arched door of the church near St. Mark and his open book. Lolo looked on at it all, and so did Moufflou, and a stranger looked at them as he left the church.

"You have a handsome poodle there, my little man," he said to Lolo, in a foreigner's too distinct and careful Italian.

"Moufflou is beautiful," said Lolo, with pride. "You should see him when he is just washed; but we can only wash him on Sundays, because then Tasso is at home."

"How old is your dog?"

"Three years old."

"Does he do any tricks?"

"Does he!" said Lolo, with a laugh:

[1] *Brethren of the Miserecordia*, priests who read service at funerals.

MOUFFLOU

"why, Moufflou can do anything! He can walk on two legs ever so long; make ready, present, and fire; die; waltz; beg, of course; shut a door; make a wheelbarrow of himself: there is nothing he will not do. Would you like to see him do something?"

"Very much," said the foreigner.

To Moufflou and to Lolo the street was the same thing as home.

So there, under the lofty and stately walls of the old church, Lolo put Moufflou through his exercises. They were second nature to Moufflou, as to most poodles. He did admirably, and the crockery sellers came and looked on, and a sacristan[1] came out of the church and smiled, and the barber left his customer's chin all in a lather while he laughed, for the good folk of the quarter were all proud of Moufflou and never tired of him.

The stranger also was greatly interested in Moufflou's talents, and said, half aloud, "How this clever dog would amuse poor Victor! Would you bring your poodle to please a sick child I have at home?" he

[1] *Sacristan*, a sexton.

said, quite aloud, to Lolo, who smiled and answered that he would. Where was the sick child?

"At the Gran Bretagna;[1] not far off," said the gentleman. "Come this afternoon, and ask for me by this name."

He dropped his card and a couple of francs[2] into Lolo's hand, and went his way. Lolo, with Moufflou scampering after him, dashed into his own house, and stumped up the stairs, his crutch making a terrible noise on the stone.

"Mother, mother! see what I have got because Moufflou did his tricks," he shouted. "And now you can buy those shoes you want so much, and the coffee that you miss so of a morning, and the new linen for Tasso, and the shirts for Sandro."

For to the mind of Lolo two francs were as two millions.

II

With the afternoon he and Moufflou trotted down the avenues, down the Arno to the

[1] *Gran Bretagna*, a hotel in Florence.
[2] *Franc*, a French coin, worth about twenty cents.

hotel of the stranger, and, showing the stranger's card, which Lolo could not read, they were shown at once into a great chamber, all gilding and carving and velvet furniture.

Soon the foreigner he had seen in the forenoon entered and spoke to him, and led him into another chamber, where stretched on a couch was a little wan-faced boy about seven years old; a pretty boy, but so pallid, so wasted, so helpless. This poor little boy was heir to a great name and a great fortune, but all the science in the world could not make him strong enough to run about among the daisies, or able to draw a single breath without pain. A feeble smile lit up his face as he saw Moufflou and Lolo; then a shadow chased it away.

"Little boy is lame like me," he said, in a tongue Lolo did not understand.

"Yes, but he is a strong little boy, and can move about, as perhaps the suns of this country will make you do," said the gentleman, who was the poor little boy's father. "He has brought you his poodle to amuse you. What a handsome dog! is it not?"

"Oh, *bufflins!*" said the poor little fellow,

stretching out his wasted hands to Moufflou, who submitted his leonine[1] crest to the caress.

Then Lolo went through the performance, and Moufflou did as well as ever; and the little invalid laughed and shouted with his tiny thin voice, and enjoyed it all immensely, and rained cakes and biscuits on both the poodle and its master. Lolo crunched the pastries with willing white teeth, and Moufflou did no less. Then they got up to go, and the sick child on the couch burst into fretful lamentations and outcries.

"I want the dog! I will have the dog!" was all he kept repeating.

But Lolo did not know what he said, and was only sorry to see him so unhappy.

"You shall have the dog tomorrow," said the gentleman, to pacify[2] his little son; and he hurried Lolo and Moufflou out of the room, and consigned them to a servant, having given Lolo five francs this time.

"Why, Moufflou," said Lolo, with a chuckle of delight, "if we could find a foreigner every day, we could eat meat at

[1] *Leonine*, lion-like. [2] *Pacify*, quiet.

supper, Mofflou, and go to the theater every evening!"

And he and his crutch clattered home with great eagerness and excitement, and Moufflou trotted on his four frilled feet, the blue bow with which Bice had tied up his curls on the top of his head, fluttering in the wind. But, alas! even his five francs could bring no comfort at home. He found his whole family wailing and mourning in utterly hopeless distress.

III

Tasso had drawn his number[1] that morning, and the number was seven, and he must go and be a soldier for three years.

The poor young man stood in the midst of his weeping brothers and sisters, and with his mother leaning against his shoulder, and down his own brown cheeks the tears were falling. He must go, and lose his place in the public gardens, and leave his people to starve as they might, and be put in a tomfool's jacket, and drafted off among

[1] Under Italian law every young citizen may be called upon to serve as a soldier.

strange faces, friendless, homeless, miserable! And the mother, — what would become of the mother?

Tasso was the best of lads and the mildest. He was quite happy sweeping up the leaves in the long alleys of the Cascine,[1] or mowing the green lawns under the ilex[2] avenues, and coming home at supper time among the merry little people and with the good woman that he loved. He was quite contented; he wanted nothing, only to be let alone; and they would not let him alone. They would haul him away to put a heavy musket in his hand and a heavy knapsack on his back, and drill him, and curse him, and make him into a human target, a live popinjay.[3]

No one had any heed for Lolo and his five francs, and Moufflou, understanding that some great sorrow had fallen on his friends, sat down and lifted up his voice and howled.

Tasso must go away! — that was all they understood. For three long years they must go without the sight of his face, the aid of his strength, the pleasure of his smile;

[1] *Cascine*, cas-seen. [2] *Ilex*, a variety of oak.
[3] *Popinjay*, a parrot.

Tasso must go! When Lolo understood the calamity that had befallen them, he gathered Moufflou up against his breast, and sat down too on the floor beside him and cried as if he would never stop crying.

There was no help for it: it was one of those misfortunes which are, as we say in Italian, like a tile tumbled on the head. The tile drops from a height, and the poor head bows under the unseen blow. That is all.

"What is the use of that?" said the mother, passionately, when Lolo showed her his five francs. "It will not buy Tasso's discharge."

Lolo felt that his mother was cruel and unjust, and crept to bed with Moufflou. Moufflou always slept on Lolo's feet.

The next morning Lolo got up before sunrise, and he and Moufflou accompanied Tasso to his work in the Cascine.

Lolo loved his brother, and clung to every moment whilst they could still be together.

"Can nothing keep you, Tasso?" he said despairingly, as they went down the leafy isles, whilst the Arno water was growing golden as the sun rose.

Tasso sighed.

"Nothing, dear, unless God would send me a thousand francs to buy a substitute."[1]

And he knew he might as well have said, "If one could coin gold ducats out of the sunbeams on Arno water."

Lolo was very sorrowful as he lay on the grass in the meadow where Tasso was at work, and the poodle lay stretched beside him.

When Lolo went home to dinner (Tasso took his wrapped in a handkerchief) he found his mother greatly excited. She was laughing one moment, crying the next. She was passionate and peevish, tender and jolly by turns; there was something forced and feverish about her which the children felt but did not comprehend. She was a woman of not very much intelligence, and she had a secret, and she carried it ill, and knew not what to do with it; but they could not tell that. They only felt unhappy and frightened at her strange manner.

The meal over (it was only bean soup, and that is soon eaten), the mother said

[1] *Substitute*, one who takes another's place.

sharply to Lolo, "Your aunt Anita wants you this afternoon. She has to go out, and you are needed to stay with the children: be off with you."

Lolo was an obedient child; he took his hat and jumped up as quickly as his halting hip would let him. He called Moufflou, who was asleep.

"Leave the dog," said his mother, sharply. "'Nita will not have him messing and carrying mud about her nice clean rooms. She told me so. Leave him, I say."

"Leave Moufflou!" echoed Lolo, for never in all Moufflou's life had Lolo parted from him. Leave Moufflou! He stared open eyed and open mouthed at his mother. What could have come to her?

"Leave him, I say," she repeated, more sharply than ever. "Must I speak twice to my own children? Be off with you, and leave the dog, I say."

And she clutched Moufflou by his long silky mane and dragged him backwards, whilst with the other hand she thrust out of the door Lolo and Bice.

Lolo began to hammer with his crutch at

the door thus closed on him; but Bice coaxed and entreated him.

"Poor mother has been so worried about Tasso," she pleaded. "And what harm can come to Moufflou? And I do think he was tired, Lolo; the Cascine is a long way; and it is quite true that Aunt 'Nita never liked him."

So, by one means and another, she coaxed her brother away; and they went almost in silence to where their aunt Anita dwelt, which was across the river, near the dark-red, bell shaped dome of Santo Spirito.[1]

It was true that her aunt had wanted them to mind her room and her babies whilst she was away carrying home some lace to a house outside the Roman gate, for she was a lace washer and clear starcher by trade. There they had to stay in the little dark room with the two babies, with nothing to amuse the time except the clang of the bells of the Church of the Holy Spirit, and the voices of the lemonade sellers shouting in the street below. Aunt Anita did not get back till it was more than dusk, and the two children

[1] *Santo Spirito*, a famous church.

trotted homeward hand in hand, Lolo's leg dragging itself painfully along, for without Moufflou's white figure dancing on before him he felt very tired indeed. It was pitch dark when they got to Or San Michele,[1] and the lamps burned dully.

IV

Lolo stumped up the stairs wearily, with a vague, dull fear at his heart.

"Moufflou, Moufflou!" he called. Where was Moufflou? Always at the first sound of his crutch the poodle came flying towards him. "Moufflou, Moufflou!" he called all the way up the long, dark, twisting stone stair. He pushed open the door, and he called again, "Moufflou, Moufflou!"

But no dog answered to his call.

"Mother, where is Moufflou?" he asked, staring with blinking, dazzled eyes into the oil lit room where his mother sat knitting. Tasso was not then home from work. His mother went on with her knitting; but there was an uneasy look on her face.

[1] *Or San Michele*, the church on the street where Lolo lived.

"Mother, what have you done with Moufflou, *my* Moufflou?" said Lolo, with a look that was almost stern on his ten-year-old face.

Then his mother, without looking up, and moving her knitting-needles very rapidly, said:

"Moufflou is sold!"

And little Dina, who was a quick, pert child, cried, with a shrill voice:

"Mother has sold him for a thousand francs to the foreign gentleman."

"Sold him!"

Lolo grew white and grew cold as ice; he stammered, threw up his hands over his head, gasped a little for breath, then fell down in a dead swoon, his poor useless limb doubled under him.

When Tasso came home that sad night and found his little brother shivering, moaning, and half delirious,[1] and when he heard what had been done, he was sorely grieved.

"Oh, mother, how could you do it?" he cried. "Poor, poor Moufflou! and Lolo loves him so!"

[1] *Delirious*, "out of his head."

"I have got the money," said his mother, feverishly, "and you will not need to go for a soldier: we can buy your substitute. What is a poodle, that you mourn about it? We can get another poodle for Lolo."

"Another will not be Moufflou," said Tasso, and yet was seized with such a frantic happiness himself at the knowledge that he would not need to go to the army, that he had not the heart to rebuke his mother.

"A thousand francs!" he muttered; "a thousand francs! Who could have fancied anybody would have given such a price for a common white poodle? One would think the gentleman had bought the church and the tabernacle!"

"Fools and their money are soon parted," said his mother, with cross contempt.

It was true, she had sold Moufflou.

The English gentleman had called on her while Lolo and the dog had been in the Cascine, and had said that he was desirous of buying the poodle, which had so diverted his sick child that the little invalid would not be comforted unless he possessed it.

Now, at any other time the good woman would have sturdily refused any idea of selling Moufflou; but that morning the thousand francs which would buy Tasso's substitute were forever in her mind and before her eyes. When she heard the foreigner her heart gave a great leap, and her head swam giddily, and she thought, in a spasm of longing—if she could get those thousand francs! But though she was so dizzy and so upset she retained her grip on her native shrewdness. She said nothing of her need of the money; not a syllable of her sore distress. On the contrary, she was coy and wary, affected great reluctance to part with her pet, and finally let fall a hint that less than a thousand francs she could never take for poor Moufflou.

The gentleman assented with so much willingness to the price that she instantly regretted not having asked double. He told her that if she would take the poodle that afternoon to his hotel the money should be paid to her; so she dispatched[1] her children after their noonday meal in various directions,

[1] *Dispatched,* sent.

and herself took Moufflou to his doom. She could not believe her senses when ten hundred-franc notes were put into her hand. She scrawled her signature, Rosina Calabucci, to a formal receipt, and went away, leaving Moufflou in his new owner's rooms, and hearing his howls and moans pursue her all the way down the staircase and out into the air.

She was not easy at what she had done.

"It seemed," she said to herself, "like selling a Christian."

But then to keep her eldest son at-home, — what a joy that was! On the whole, she cried so and laughed so as she went down the Avenue Arno that once or twice people looked at her, thinking her out of her senses, and a guard spoke to her angrily.

V

Meanwhile, Lolo was sick and delirious with grief. Twenty times he got out of his bed and screamed to be allowed to go with Moufflou, and twenty times his mother and his brothers put him back and held him down and tried in vain to quiet him.

The child was beside himself with misery. "Moufflou! Moufflou!" he sobbed at every moment; and by night he was in a raging fever, and when his mother, frightened, ran and called in the doctor of the quarter, that worthy shook his head and said something as to a shock of the nervous system, and muttered a long word, "meningitis."[1]

Lolo took a hatred to the sight of Tasso, and thrust him away, and his mother too.

"It is for you Moufflou is sold," he said, with his little teeth and hands tight clinched.

After a day or two Tasso felt as if he could not bear his life, and went down to the hotel to see if the foreign gentleman would allow him to have Moufflou back for half an hour to quiet his little brother by a sight of him. But at the hotel he was told that the English Gentleman who had bought the dog had gone the same night of the purchase to Rome.

"And Moufflou with him?" asked Tasso.

"The dog he had bought went with him," said the porter of the hotel. "Such a beast!

[1] *Men-in-gī-tis*, a terrible disease of the brain.

howling, shrieking, raging all the day, and all the paint scratched off the salon[1] door."

Poor Moufflou! Tasso's heart was heavy as he heard of that sad helpless misery of their bartered favorite and friend.

"What matter?" said his mother, fiercely, when he told her. "A dog is a dog. They will feed him better than we could. In a week he will have forgotten."

But Tasso feared that Moufflou would not forget. Lolo certainly would not. The doctor came to the bedside twice a day, and ice and water were kept on the aching hot little head that had got the malady[2] with the long name, and for the chief part of the time Lolo lay quiet, dull, and stupid, breathing heavily, and then at intervals cried and sobbed and shrieked hysterically for Moufflou.

"Can you not get what he calls for to quiet him with a sight of it?" said the doctor. But that was not possible, and poor Rosina covered her head with her apron and felt a guilty creature.

"Still, you will not go to the army," she said to Tasso, clinging to that immense joy

[1] *Salon*, room. [2] *Malady*, sickness.

for her consolation.[1] "Only think! we can pay Guido to go for you. He always said he would go if any one would pay him. Oh, my Tasso, surely to keep you is worth a dog's life!"

"And Lolo's?" said Tasso, gloomily. "Nay, mother, it works ill to meddle too much with fate. I drew my number; I was bound to go. Heaven would have made it up to you somehow."

"Heaven sent me the foreigner; the Madonna's own self sent him to ease a mother's pain," said Rosina, rapidly and angrily. "You are my prop and safety always. Who would not have done what I did?" she said with a great sob.

But all this did not cure poor Lolo.

The days and the weeks of the golden autumn weather passed away, and he was always in danger; and the small close room, where he slept with Sandro and Beppo and Tasso, was not one to cure such an illness as had now beset him. Tasso went to his work with a sick heart. He did not think Lolo would ever get well, and the good lad

[1] *Consolation*, comfort.

felt as if he had been the murderer of his little brother.

True he had had no hand or voice in the sale of Moufflou, but Moufflou had been sold for his sake. It made him feel half guilty, very unhappy, quite unworthy of all the sacrifice that had been made for him. "Nobody should meddle with fate," thought Tasso, who knew his grandfather had died in San Bonifazio because he had driven himself mad over the dream book, trying to get lucky numbers for the lottery and become a rich man at a stroke.

It was rapture,[1] indeed, to know that he was free of the army for a time at least, that he might go on undisturbed at his healthful labor, and get a rise in wages as time went on, and dwell in peace with his family, and perhaps — perhaps in time earn enough to marry pretty flaxen-haired Biondina, the daughter of the barber in the piazzetta. It was rapture indeed; but then poor Moufflou! — and poor, poor Lolo! Tasso felt as if he had bought his own freedom by seeing his little brother and the good

[1] *Rapture*, great joy.

dog torn in pieces and buried alive for his service.

VI

And where was poor Moufflou?

Gone far away somewhere south in the hurrying, screeching, vomiting, braying train that it made Tasso giddy only to look at as it rushed by the green meadows beyond the Cascine on its way to the sea.

"If he could see the dog he cries so for, it might save him," said the doctor, who stood with a grave face, watching Lolo.

But that was beyond any one's power. No one could tell where Moufflou was. He might be carried away to England, to France, to Russia, to America, — who could say? They did not know where his purchaser had gone. Moufflou even might be dead.

The poor mother, when the doctor said that, went and looked at the ten hundred franc notes that were once like angels' faces to her, and said to them:

"Oh, you children of Satan, why did you tempt me? I sold the poor, innocent, trust-

ful beast to get you, and now my child is dying!"

Her eldest son would stay at home, indeed; but if this little lame one died! Rosina Calabucci would have given up the notes and consented never to own five francs in her life if only she could have gone back over the time and kept Moufflou, and seen his little master running out with him into the sunshine.

More than a month went by, and Lolo lay in the same state, his yellow hair shone, his eyes dilated[1] and yet stupid, life kept in him by a spoonful of milk, a lump of ice, a drink of lemon water; always muttering, when he spoke at all, "Moufflou, Moufflou, dear Moufflou!" and lying for days together in drowsiness, with the fire eating at his brain and the weight lying on it like a stone.

The neighbors were kind, and brought fruit and the like, and sat up with him, and chattered so all at once that they were enough in themselves to kill him, for such is ever the Italian fashion of sympathy in all illness.

[1] *Dilated*, enlarged.

But Lolo did not get well, did not even seem to see the light at all, or to distinguish any sounds around him; and the doctor, in plain words, told Rosina Calabucci that her little boy must die.

So at last the end drew so nigh that one twilight time the priest came out of the great arched door that is next St. Mark, and went up the dark staircase of Rosina's dwelling, and passed through the weeping, terrified children, and went to the bedside of Lolo.

Lolo was unconscious, but the holy man touched his little body and limbs with the sacred oil, and prayed over him, and then stood sorrowful with bowed head.

Lolo had had his first communion in the summer, and in his preparation for it had shown an intelligence and devoutness[1] that had won the priest's gentle heart.

Standing there, the holy man commended the innocent soul to God.

All was still as the priest's voice ceased; only the sobs of the mother and of the children broke the stillness as they kneeled; the hand of Biondina had stolen into Tasso's.

[1] *Devoutness,* religious earnestness.

Suddenly there was a loud scuffling noise; hurrying feet came patter, patter, patter up the stairs, a ball of mud and dust flew over the heads of the kneeling figures, fleet as the wind Moufflou dashed through the room and leaped upon the bed.

Lolo opened his heavy eyes, and a sudden light of consciousness gleamed in them like a sunbeam. "Moufflou!" he murmured, in his little, thin, faint voice. The dog pressed close to his breast and kissed his wasted face.

Moufflou had come home!

And Lolo came home too, for death let go its hold upon him. Little by little, very faintly and flickeringly and very uncertainly at the first, life returned to the poor little body, and reason to the tormented, heated little brain. Moufflou was his physician; Moufflou, who, himself a skeleton under his matted curls, would not stir from his side, and looked at him all day long with two beaming brown eyes full of unutterable[1] love.

Lolo was happy; he asked no questions;

[1] *Unutterable*, that cannot be told.

he was too weak, indeed, even to wonder. He had Moufflou; that was enough.

Alas! though they dared not say so in his hearing, it was not enough for his elders. His mother and Tasso knew that the poodle had been sold and paid for; that they could lay no claim to keep him; and that almost certainly his purchaser would seek him out and assert his indisputable right to him. And then how would Lolo ever bear that second parting? — Lolo, so weak that he weighed no more than if he had been a little bird.

Moufflou had, no doubt, traveled a long distance and suffered much. He was but skin and bone; he bore the marks of blows and kicks; his once silken hair was all discolored and matted; he had, no doubt, traveled far. But then his purchaser would be sure to ask for him, soon or late, at his old home; and then? Well, then if they did not give him up themselves, the law would make them.

VII

On the eleventh morning, a feast day, on which Tasso was not going to his labors in

the Cascine, there came a person with a foreign look, who said the words they so much dreaded to hear: "Has the poodle that you sold to an English gentleman come back to you?"

Yes? his English master claimed him!

Tasso heard in a very agony of despair. To take Moufflou away now would be to kill Lolo, — Lolo so feeble still, so unable to understand, so passionately alive to every sight and sound of Moufflou, lying for hours together motionless with his hand buried in the poodle's curls, saying nothing, only smiling now and then, and murmuring a word or two in Moufflou's ear.

"The dog did come home," said Tasso, at length, in a low voice; "angels must have shown him the road, poor beast! From Rome! Only to think of it, from Rome! And he a dumb thing! I tell you he is here, honestly; so will you not trust me just so far as this. Will you let me go with you and speak to the English lord before you take the dog away? I have a little brother sorely ill —"

He could not speak more, for tears that choked his voice.

At last the messenger agreed so far as this.

Tasso thanked him, went upstairs, was thankful that his mother was at mass and could not dispute with him, took the ten hundred-franc notes from the old oak cabinet, and with them in his breast pocket walked out into the air. He was but a poor working lad, but he had made up his mind to do an heroic deed, for self-sacrifice is always heroic. He went straightway to the hotel where the English gentleman was, and when he got there, remembered that still he did not know the name of Moufflou's owner; but the people of the hotel knew him as Rosina Calabucci's son, and guessed what he wanted, and said the gentleman who had lost the poodle was within, upstairs, and they would tell him.

Tasso waited some half-hour with his heart beating sorely against the packet of hundred-franc notes. At last he was beckoned upstairs, and there he saw a foreigner with a mild fair face, and a very lovely lady,

and a delicate child who was lying on a couch. "Moufflou! Where is Moufflou?" cried the little child, impatiently, as he saw the youth enter.

Tasso took his hat off, and stood in the doorway, an embrowned, healthy, not ungraceful figure, in his working clothes of rough blue stuff.

"If you please, most illustrious,"[1] he stammered, "poor Moufflou has come home."

The child gave a cry of delight; the gentleman and lady one of wonder. Come home! All the way from Rome!

"Yes, he has, most illustrious," said Tasso, gaining courage and eloquence; "and now I want to beg something of you. We are poor, and I drew a bad number, and it was for that my mother sold Moufflou. For myself, I did not know anything of it; but she thought she would buy my substitute, and of course she could; but Moufflou is come home, and my little brother Lolo, the little boy your most illustrious first saw playing with the poodle, fell ill of the grief of losing

[1] *Illustrious*, famous, used as a polite form of address.

Moufflou, and for a month has lain saying nothing sensible, but only calling for the dog, and Lolo was so near dying that the Blessed Host has been brought, and the holy oil has been put on him, when all at once there rushes in Moufflou, skin and bone, and covered with mud, and at the sight of him Lolo comes back to his senses, and that is now ten days ago, and though Lolo is still as weak as a new born thing, he is always sensible, and takes what we give him to eat, and lies always looking at Moufflou, and smiling, and saying, 'Moufflou! Moufflou!' and, most illustrious, I know well you have bought the dog, and the law is with you, and by the law you claim it; but I thought perhaps, as Lolo loves him so, you would let us keep the dog, and would take back the thousand francs, and myself I will go and be a soldier, and heaven will take care of them all somehow."

And then Tasso, having said all this, took the thousand francs out of his breast pocket and held them timidly towards the foreign gentleman, who motioned them aside and stood silent.

"Did you understand, Victor," he said at last, to his little son.

The child hid his face in his cushions.

"Yes, I did understand something; let Lolo keep him; Moufflou was not happy with me."

But he burst out crying as he said it.

Moufflou had run away from him.

Moufflou had never loved him, for all his sweet cakes and fond caresses and plate-fuls of delicate savory meats. Moufflou had run away and found his own road over two hundred miles and more, to go back to some little hungry children, who never had enough to eat themselves, and so, certainly, could never give enough to eat to the dog. Poor little boy! He was so rich and so pampered[1] and so powerful, and yet he could never make Moufflou love him!

Tasso, who understood nothing that was said, laid the ten hundred-franc notes down on a table near him.

"If you would take them, most illustrious, and give me back what my mother wrote when she sold Moufflou," he said

[1] *Pampered,* petted.

timidly, "I would pray for you night and day, and Lolo would too; and as for the dog, we will get a puppy and train him for your little lord; they can all do tricks, more or less; it comes by nature; and as for me, I will go to the army willingly; only, I do pray of you, do not take away Moufflou. And to think he trotted all those miles and miles, and you carried him by train too, and he never could have seen the road, and he has no power of speech to ask —"

Tasso broke down again in his eloquence,[1] and drew the back of his hand across his wet eyelashes.

The English gentleman was not altogether unmoved.

"Poor faithful dog!" he said with a sigh. "I am afraid we were very cruel to him, meaning to be kind. No; we will not claim him, and I do not think you should go for a soldier; you seem so good a lad, and your mother must need you. Keep the money, my boy, and in payment you shall train up the puppy

[1] *Eloquence*, fine talk.

you talk of, and bring him to my little boy. I will come and see your mother and Lolo to-morrow. All the way from Rome! What wonderful sagacity! what matchless fidelity!"[1]

You can imagine, without any telling of mine, the joy that reigned in Moufflou's home when Tasso returned thither with the money and the good tidings both. His substitute was bought without a day's delay, and Lolo rapidly recovered. As for Moufflou, he could never tell them his troubles, his wanderings, his difficulties, his perils; he could never tell them by what miraculous[2] knowledge he had found his way across Italy, from the gates of Rome to the gates of Florence. But he soon grew plump again, and merry, and his love for Lolo was yet greater than before.

By the winter all the family went to live on an estate near Spezia that the English gentleman had purchased, and there Moufflou was happier than ever.

[1] *Fidelity,* faithfulness. [2] *Miraculous,* wonderful.

The little English boy is gaining strength in the soft air, and he and Lolo are great friends, and play with Moufflou and the poodle puppy half the day upon the sunny terraces and under the green orange boughs. Tasso is one of the gardeners there; he will have to serve as a soldier probably in some list or another, but he is safe for the time, and is happy. Lolo, whose lameness will always save him from military service, when he grows to be a man means to be a florist, and a great one. He has learned to read, as the first step on the road of his ambition,

"But oh, Moufflou, how *did* you find your way home?" he asks the dog a hundred times a week.

How indeed!

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE. (*Slightly adapted.*)

Which dog would you rather own, Moufflou or Rex? Why?

THE FORGET ME NOTS

The roses in my garden may proudly bloom and blow,

The graceful oleanders in stateliness may grow,
Camellias may adorn the coquettish[1] beauty's head,
And orange blossoms deck her, who is waiting to be wed;
The lily and the laurel may wreathe the brow of fame —
'Tis all God's handiwork, under whatsoever name —
But the sweetest flowers of all, the sweetest that I ken,
Are the blue Forget me nots, which hide from haunts of men —
The fairest things, that blossom in garden or in glen —
Yellow eyed Forget me nots, which skirt the open fen,
Little shy Forget me nots, which shun the gaze of men.

The princess in her palace, the proudly born and bred,
The heiress condescending[2] to bow her haughty head,

[1] *Coquettish*, flirting. [2] *Condescending*, consenting.

The beauty 'neath the lights, pirouetting[1]
in the dance,
The sly coquette who throws all her cunning
in her glance,
Aspasias[2] and Delilahs[3] may ply their artful
wiles —
They all may lavish on me the blandest of
their smiles —
But sweetest of them all in the castle, or
the cot,
The little maiden, who, like the meek For-
get me not,
Adorning any station which happens to be
her lot —
Looks up with modest greeting from some
neglected spot —
Looks up between her blushes, to plead
"forget me not."

H. M. Clarkson.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

There was born at Genoa, in Italy, about 1435, a boy named Christopher

[1] *Pirouetting* (pē-rū-et-ting), whirling on the toes.
[2] *Aspasia*, a famous Grecian beauty.
[3] *Delilah*, a Philistine beauty who won the heart of Samson in the Bible story.

Columbus. His father was a weaver of cloth, but his ancestors had been sailors; and the little Columbus was sent to school at ten years old to learn navigation. At fourteen he went to sea; and from that time, so long as he lived, he was either making voyages or else drawing charts. He lived in Portugal, then in Spain, these being the great seafaring nations at that day; and he sailed to almost all the ports then known. Most of his voyages, however, were in the Mediterranean Sea. In these there was almost as much fighting as sailing; for that sea was full of pirates. On one occasion his ship was burnt, and he swam six miles to shore with the aid of a spar. And throughout all these adventures he was gradually forming the plan of sailing farther west upon the Atlantic than any one had yet dared to sail.

The Coming of Columbus

For nearly five centuries, so far as we know, not a European vessel crossed the Atlantic. Some of the older people in

Iceland may have remembered that their grandparents had told them of a country far to the west, where vines grew; and perhaps they used to tell these legends in the long, dark evenings, to the Spanish and English sailors who went on trading voyages to Iceland. There came a time of great commercial activity among the nations of Southern Europe; and voyages began to be attempted in all directions. And one voyage was at last undertaken that was destined to make the New World known to the Old World.

Belief about the Shape of the Earth

But it must be remembered that the people of Europe, in these days, did not know the real shape of the earth, as it is now known. Most persons did not suppose it to be a sphere. They thought it was a flat surface, with the ocean, like a great river, lying round about its edges. What was on the other side of this river they hardly dared to guess. Yet some scientific men had got beyond this ignorant

view; and they supposed the earth to be a sphere, but thought it much smaller than it really was. They did not dream that there could be room on it for two wide oceans and for two great bodies of land. They thought that there was but one continent on the globe, and one great ocean, and that, by sailing across the Atlantic, you would come, after a time, to India and Tartary and Cathay (as they called China) and Cipange (as they called Japan).

Many beautiful things were brought from these countries overland, gold and pearls and beautiful silks; and so the kings of Europe would have been glad to find a short way thither.

For ten years Columbus endeavored to persuade some European government to send him on a voyage of discovery across the Atlantic Ocean. Finally Queen Isabella decided to fit out the expedition at the expense of her own kingdom.

In three months the expedition was ready to sail. But sailors were unwilling to go; and Columbus had to drive some of them by force into the service. There were

three ships, — the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Nina*.

They sailed from Palos August 3, 1492.

It took them a month to reach the Canary Islands; but after they had passed those, and found themselves on the lonely ocean at night, many of the sailors wept, and declared they never should return. Columbus quieted them, and they sailed on, day by day; sometimes hopeful and sometimes mutinous. Once the sailors plotted to throw Columbus overboard. Often they thought they saw signs of land: once they were sure of it, and it proved only a cloud. At last land-birds were seen and floating twigs with red berries, and a piece of wood rudely carved, and drifting seaweed, to which live crabs were clinging. Finally one evening at ten o'clock Columbus saw a light glimmering across the water; and the next morning a gun was fired from one of the smaller vessels, as the signal agreed upon for "making land." It was a very welcome sound; for they had been seventy-one days in crossing the ocean, which is now crossed by steamers in less than nine.

We may imagine how Columbus felt, when, at daybreak, he was rowed to the shore, with waving banners, and to the sound of music, and when he stepped upon the beach where no European had ever before landed. He bore the great flag of Spain, gorgeous with red and gold; and his other captains bore each a green flag, inscribed with a cross. All knelt, and kissed the ground; then Columbus, rising, and drawing his sword, took possession of the island in the name of Spain, and called it "San Salvador."

Ten years after, a European geographer gave the continent the name "America."

T. W. Higginson.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind, the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
    The good mate said: "Now must we pray
      For, lo! the very stars are gone.

Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on, sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous[1] day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know,
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget the way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say" —
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

[1] *Mutinous*, rebellious.

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake
the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite:
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is
gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that
night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck!
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its greatest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

FIDO'S LITTLE FRIEND

I

One morning in May Fido sat on the front porch, and he was deep in thought. He was

wondering whether the people who were moving into the next house were as cross and unfeeling as the people who had just moved out. He hoped they were not, for the people who had just moved out had never treated Fido with that respect and kindness which Fido believed he was on all occasions entitled to.

"The newcomers must be nice folks," said Fido to himself, "for their feather beds look big and comfortable, and their baskets are all ample and generous; and see, there goes a bright gilt cage, and there is a plump yellow canary bird in it! Oh, how glad Mrs. Tabby will be to see it, she so dotes on dear little canary birds!"

Mrs. Tabby was the old brindled cat, who was the mother of the four cunning little kittens in the haymow. Fido had heard her remark very purringly only a few days ago that she longed for a canary bird, just to amuse her little ones and give them correct musical ears. Honest old Fido! There was no guile in his heart, and he never dreamed there was in all the wide world

such a sin as hypocrisy.[1] So when Fido saw the little canary bird in the cage he was glad for Mrs. Tabby's sake.

While Fido sat on the front porch and watched the people moving into the next house, another pair of eyes peeped out of the old hollow maple over the way. This was the red headed woodpecker, who had a warm, cozy nest far down in the old hollow maple, and in the nest there were four beautiful eggs of which the red headed woodpecker was very proud.

"Good morning, Mr. Fido," called the red headed woodpecker from her high perch. "You are out bright and early today. And what do you think of our new neighbors?"

"Upon my word, I cannot tell," replied Fido, wagging his tail cheerily, "for I am not acquainted with them. But I have been watching them closely, and by today noon I think I shall be on speaking terms with them, — provided, of course, they are not the cross, unkind people our old neighbors were."

[1] *Hypocrisy*, pretending to be better than one is.

"Oh, I do so hope there are no little boys in the family," sighed the red headed woodpecker; and then she added with much determination[1] and a defiant toss of her beautiful head, "I hate little boys!"

"Why so?" inquired Fido. "As for myself, I love little boys. I have always found them the pleasantest of companions. Why do you dislike them?"

"Because they are wicked," said the red headed woodpecker. "They climb trees and break up the nests we have worked so hard to build, and they steal away our lovely eggs. Oh, I hate little boys!"

"Good little boys don't steal birds' eggs," said Fido, "and I'm sure I never would play with a bad boy!"

But the red headed woodpecker insisted that all little boys were wicked; and, firm in this faith, she flew away to the linden over yonder, where, she had heard the thrush say, there lived a family of fat white grubs. The red headed woodpecker wanted her breakfast, and it would have been hard to

[1] *Determination*, force.

find a more palatable[1] morsel for her than a white fat grub.

As for Fido, he sat on the front porch and watched the people moving in. And as he watched them he thought of what the red headed woodpecker had said, and he wondered whether it could be possible for little boys to be so cruel as to rob birds' nests. As he brooded[2] over this sad possibility, his train of thought was interrupted by the sound of a voice that fell pleasantly on his ears.

"Goggie, goggie, goggie!" said the voice. "Tum here, 'ittle goggie — tum here, goggie, goggie, goggie!"

Fido looked toward the place whence the voice seemed to come, and he saw a tiny figure on the other side of the fence, — a cunning baby figure in the yard that belonged to the house where the new neighbors were moving in. A second glance assured[3] Fido that the calling stranger was a little boy not more than three years old, wearing a pretty dress, and a broad hat

[1] *Palatable*, good to eat. [2] *Brooded*, thought sadly.
[3] *Assured*, told.

that crowned his yellow hair and shaded his big blue eyes and dimpled face.

The sight was a pleasing one, and Fido vibrated[1] his tail, — very cautiously, however, for Fido was not quite certain that the little boy meant his greeting for him, and Fido's sad experiences with the old neighbors had made him wary about scraping acquaintances too hastily.

"Tum, 'ittle goggie!" persisted the prattling stranger, and, as if to encourage Fido, the little boy stretched his chubby arms through the fence and waved them entreatingly.

Fido was convinced now; so he got up, and with many cordial gestures of his hospitable[2] tail, trotted down the steps and over the lawn to the corner of the fence where the little stranger was.

"Me love oo," said the little stranger, patting Fido's honest brown back; "me love oo, 'ittle goggie."

Fido knew that, for there were caresses in every stroke of the dimpled hands. Fido loved the little boy, too, — yes, all at once

[1] *Vibrated,* wagged. [2] *Hospitable,* friendly.

FIDO'S LITTLE FRIEND

he loved the little boy; and he licked the dimpled hands, and gave three short, quick barks, and wagged his tail hysterically.[1] So then and there began the friendship of Fido and the little boy.

Presently Fido crawled under the fence into the next yard, and then the little boy sat down on the grass, and Fido put his forepaws in the little boy's lap and cocked up his ears and looked up into the little boy's face, as much as to say, "We shall be great friends, shall we not, little boy?"

"Me love oo," said the little boy; "me wan' to tiss oo, 'ittle goggie!"

And the little boy did kiss Fido — yes, right on Fido's cold nose; and Fido liked to have the little boy kiss him, for it reminded him of another little boy who used to kiss him, but who was now so big that he was almost ashamed to play with Fido any more.

"Is oo sit, 'ittle goggie?" asked the little boy, opening his blue eyes to their utmost capacity[2] and looking very piteous. "Oo nose be so told, oo mus' be sit, 'ittle goggie!"

But no, Fido was not sick, even though

[1] *Hysterically,* with wild joy. [2] *Capacity,* width.

his nose *was* cold. Oh, no; he romped and played all that morning in the cool, green grass with the little boy; and the red headed woodpecker, clinging to the bark on the hickory tree, laughed at their merry antics till her sides ached and her beautiful head turned fairly livid.[1] Then, at last, the little boy's mamma came out of the house and told him he had played long enough; and neither the red headed woodpecker nor Fido saw him again that day.

II

The next morning the little boy toddled down to the fence corner, bright and early, and called, "Goggie! goggie! goggie!" so loudly that Fido heard him in the woodshed, where he was holding a morning chat with Mrs. Tabby. Fido hastened to answer the call; the way he spun out of the woodshed and down the gravel walk and around the corner of the house was a marvel.

"Mamma says oo dot f'eas, 'ittle goggie," said the little boy. "*Has* oo dot f'eas?"

Fido looked crestfallen,[2] for could Fido

[1] *Livid,* black and blue. [2] *Crestfallen,* humbled.

have spoken he would have confessed that he indeed was afflicted[1] with fleas, — not with very many fleas, but just enough to interrupt his slumbers and his meditations[2] at the most inopportune[3] moments. And the little boy's guileless impeachment[4] set Fido to feeling creepy crawly all of a sudden, and without any further ado Fido turned deftly in his tracks, twisted his head back toward his tail, and by means of several well-directed bites and plunges gave the malicious[5] Bedouins thereabouts located timely warning to behave themselves. The little boy thought this performance very funny, and he laughed heartily. But Fido looked crestfallen.

Oh, what play and happiness they had that day; how the green grass kissed their feet, and how the smell of clover came with the springtime breezes from the meadow yonder! The red headed woodpecker heard them at play, and she clambered out of the hollow maple and dodged hither and thither as if she, too, shared their merriment. Yes,

[1] *Afflicted,* troubled. [2] *Meditations,* thoughts.
[3] *Inopportune,* at the wrong time.
[4] *Impeachment,* charges. [5] *Malicious,* bad, spiteful.

and the yellow thistle bird, whose nest was in the blooming lilac bush, came and perched in the pear tree and sang a little song about the dear little eggs in her cunning home. And there was a flower in the fence corner, — a sweet, modest flower that no human eyes but the little boy's had ever seen, — and she sang a little song, too, a song about the kind old mother earth and the pretty sunbeams, the gentle rain, and the droning bees.

Why, the little boy had never known anything half so beautiful, and Fido, — he, too, was delighted beyond all telling. If the whole truth must be told, Fido had such an exciting and bewildering[1] romp that day that when night came, and he lay asleep on the kitchen floor, he dreamed he was tumbling in the green grass with the little boy, and he tossed and barked and whined so in his sleep that the hired man had to get up in the night and put him out of doors.

III

Down in the pasture at the end of the lane lived an old woodchuck. Last year

[1] *Bewildering*, confusing.

the freshet had driven him from his childhood's home in the cornfield by the brook, and now he resided in a snug hole in the pasture. During their rambles one day, Fido and his little boy friend had come to the pasture, and found the old woodchuck sitting upright at the entrance to his hole.

"Oh, I'm not going to hurt you, old Mr. Woodchuck," said Fido. "I have too much respect for your gray hairs."

"Thank you," replied the woodchuck, sarcastically,[1] "but I'm not afraid of any bench-legged fyste[2] that ever walked. It was only last week that I whipped Deacon Skinner's yellow mastiff, and I calculate I can trounce you, you ridiculous little brown cur!"

The little boy did not hear this badinage.[3] When he saw the woodchuck solemnly perched at the entrance to his hole, he was simply delighted.

"Oh, see!" cried the little boy, stretch-

[1] *Sarcastically,* as if he did not mean it.
[2] *Fyste,* a little dog.
[3] *Badinage,* witty talk, back and forth.

ing out his fat arms and running toward the woodchuck, — "oh, see, — nuzzer 'ittle goggie! Tum here, 'ittle goggie, — me love oo!"

But the old woodchuck was a shy creature, and not knowing what guile[1] the little boy's cordial greeting might mask, the old woodchuck discreetly[2] disappeared[3] in his hole, much to the little boy's amazement.

Nevertheless, the old woodchuck, the little boy, and Fido became fast friends, in time, and almost every day they visited together in the pasture. The old woodchuck, hoary[4] and scarred veteran[5] that he was, had wonderful stories to tell, — stories of marvelous adventures, of narrow escapes, of battles with cruel dogs, and of thrilling experiences that were altogether new to his wondering listeners.

Meanwhile the red headed woodpecker's eggs in the hollow maple had hatched, and the proud mother had great tales to tell of her baby birds, — of how beautiful and knowing they were, and of what good,

[1] *Guile*, deceit. [2] *Discreetly*, wisely.
[3] *Disappeared*, went out of sight.
[4] *Hoary*, gray. [5] *Veteran*, old fighter.

noble birds they were going to be when they grew up. The yellow bird, too, had four fuzzy little babies in her nest in the lilac bush, and every now and then she came to sing to the little boy and Fido of her darlings.

Then, when the little boy and Fido were tired of play, they would sit in the rowen[1] near the fence corner and hear the flower tell a story the dew had brought fresh from the stars the night before. They all loved one another, — the little boy, Fido, the old woodchuck, the red headed woodpecker, the yellow bird, and the flower, — yes, all through the days of spring and all through the summer time they loved one another in their own honest, sweet, simple way.

But one morning Fido sat on the front porch and wondered why the little boy had not come to the fence corner and called to him. The sun was high, the men had been long gone to the harvest fields, and the heat of the early autumn day had driven the birds to the thickest foliage of the trees. Fido could not understand why the little

[1] *Rowen*, grass.

boy did not come; he felt, oh! so lonesome, and he yearned for the sound of a little voice calling, "Goggie, goggie, goggie."

The red headed woodpecker could not explain it, nor could the yellow bird. Fido trotted leisurely down to the fence corner and asked the flower if she had seen the little boy that morning. But no, the flower had not laid eyes on the little boy, and she could only shake her head doubtfully when Fido asked her what it all meant. At last, in desperation, Fido braced himself for an heroic solution[1] of the mystery, and, as loudly as ever he could, he barked three times, in the hope, you know, that the little boy would hear his call and come. But the little boy did not come.

Then Fido trotted sadly down the lane to the pasture to talk with the old woodchuck about this strange thing. The old woodchuck saw him coming and ambled[2] out to meet him.

"But where is our little boy?" asked the old woodchuck.

"I do not know," said Fido. "I waited

[1] *Solution,* finding out. [2] *Ambled,* walked easily.

for him and called to him again and again, but he never came."

Ah, those were sorry days, for the little boy's friends, and sorriest for Fido. Poor, honest Fido, how lonesome he was, and how he moped about! How each sudden sound, how each footfall, startled him! How he sat all those days upon the front door stoop, with his eyes fixed on the fence corner and his rough brown ears cocked up as if he expected each moment to see two chubby arms stretched out toward him and to hear a baby voice calling, "Goggie, goggie, goggie!"

Once only they saw him, — Fido, the flower, and the others. It was one day when Fido had called louder than usual. They saw a little figure in a night dress come to an upper window and lean his arms out. They saw it was the little boy, and oh, how pale and ill he looked! But his yellow hair was as glorious as ever, and the dimples came back with the smile that lighted his thin little face when he saw Fido; and he leaned on the window casement and waved his baby hands feebly, and

cried, "Goggie! goggie!" till Fido saw the little boy's mother come and take him from the window.

One morning Fido came to the fence corner — how very lonely that spot seemed now — and he talked with the flower and the woodpecker; and the yellow bird came too, and they all talked of the little boy. And at that very moment the old woodchuck reared his hoary head by the hole in the pasture, and he looked this way and that and wondered why the little boy never came any more.

"Suppose," said Fido to the yellow bird, "suppose you fly to the window, way up there, and see what the little boy is doing. Sing him one of your pretty songs, and tell him we are lonesome without him; that we are waiting for him in the old fence corner."

Then the yellow bird did as Fido asked; she flew to the window where they had once seen the little boy, and alighting upon the sill, she peered into the room. In another moment she was back on the bush at Fido's side.

"He is asleep," said the yellow bird.

"Asleep!" cried Fido.

"Yes," said the yellow bird, "he is fast asleep. I think he must be dreaming a beautiful dream, for I could see a smile on his face, and his little hands were folded on his bosom. There were flowers all about him, and but for their sweet voices the chamber would have been very still."

"Come, let us wake him," said Fido; "let us all call to him at once. Then perhaps he will hear us and awaken and answer; perhaps he will come."

So they all called in chorus, Fido and the other honest friends. They called so loudly that the still air of that autumn morning was strangely startled, and the old woodchuck in the pasture way off yonder heard the echoes and wondered.

"Little boy! little boy!" they called, "why are you sleeping? Why are you sleeping, little boy?"

Call on, dear voices! but the little boy will never hear. The dimpled hands that caressed you are indeed folded upon his breast; the lips that kissed your honest faces are sealed; the baby voice that sang

your playtime songs with you is hushed, and all about him is the fragrance and the beauty of flowers. Call on, O honest friends! but he shall never hear your calling; for, as if he were aweary of the love and play and sunshine that were all he knew of earth, our darling is asleep forever.

EUGENE FIELD.

Write from memory and imagination descriptions of Rex, Moufflou, and Fido.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS USING THIS BOOK

The chief effort of a teacher with the Fourth Reader should be to plant the seeds of literary appreciation. Whatever has been accomplished in this direction through the use of the earlier readers has been of necessity wholly incidental, though possibly for that reason the more effective; merely the natural development of taste through reading good children's literature.

By the time the Fourth Reader has been reached attention may be called with profit to such excellencies in the literature presented as children can appreciate. This work must be very elementary. Otherwise it would defeat its own end by making a task of what should be a joy. The only aim of such study is to help the children to enjoy what is properly enjoyable by *them*, not by the teacher. Critical study is out of the question.

A few suggestions as to the treatment of typical selections are given throughout the

book, others are here presented to indicate methods of treatment.

The Good Knight and the King

Read the story silently. Now tell it. What makes it a good story? Is it the humor (fun) of it? What incidents are humorous (funny)? Is it because the bad men are properly and amusingly punished? Is it because the good Sir Cleges is finally honored as he deserved?

The Miller of Dee

Read this poem aloud. Do you see why it reads so smoothly throughout? Notice that every alternate line in the whole poem rhymes with Dee. Could you sing it? Try to fit it to a tune. Which would you rather be, the King or the Miller of Dee?

The Brave Tin Soldier

What makes the tin soldier seem in the story like a real live man? What part of the story is the most thrilling? Can you think of any other ending that the story might have had? Try to give it another.

Is it as good as Mr. Andersen's? Why? Is this because it was a tin soldier and not a real soldier?

The Close Alliance

This is a good story for the pupils to dramatize and act. Are the conversations natural? Do the animals talk as if they were real beasts or as human beings in beasts' skins? Did the author have in mind keeping company with cowardly beasts or cowardly people? What are such stories called?

The Bluebird

Why does the author called this poem a song? Could one sing it readily? Read it aloud and observe how smoothly it runs. Do you think this is due in any degree to the fact that in most of the lines every third syllable only is accented, instead of every second?

The Jackal and the Lizard

Compare this fable with "The Close Alliance" (page 22). Which do you like the better? Why?

Alice Brand

This poem is a ballad, very old. Dramatize it and act it.

Lord Ullin's Daughter

Compare this poem with "Alice Brand." Which tells the better story? Which has the swifter movement?

Answer and Lullaby

Both of these poems are singable. The Lullaby has been set to music. If you can find the music, learn it and sing it. Which of the two do you think easier to sing? Notice that the Lullaby is written with the accent on every second syllable. How was it with the Bluebird? Which has the swifter movement?

The Battle of Blenheim

Would it be easy to sing this poem? This is a *narrative* poem, but not a *ballad.* Read it aloud and see if you can tell how it differs from "Alice Brand," which is a ballad.

Does a ballad teach a lesson or simply tell a story? Does this poem tell a story?

Does it also teach a lesson? What is the lesson?

Alice in Wonderland

Do you see anything in this story besides fun? Does the author make you feel as if the story were true? Tell which incident you think the most *natural.*

Tommy-Anne

What other stories of animals have you read in this book?

In "The Close Alliance" (page 22) animals talk too. Is it about themselves as animals, or as make believe people? Which is it in "Tommy-Anne"? Which of the stories is a fable?

Timothy's Shoes

Which interests you the more in this story, Timothy or the shoes? Does your interest in Timothy and his shoes grow toward the end? What is the most interesting point in the story? The going away of the shoes at night is the natural ending of their adventures. It is called the *climax* of the story.

The Proud King

Read Longfellow's poem "King Robert of Sicily," which tells a story somewhat like this. Which do you like the better?

Benjy

Is "Benjy" more like "The Close Alliance" (page 22) or "Tommy-Anne" (page 110)?

Ocello

This is the sort of "true story," known as a "historical story." That is, it tells of events that really occurred at some time, though the names and exact order of events may have been different.

Moufflou

This is another animal story. How does it differ from "The Close Alliance"? From "Tommy-Anne"? From "Benjy"? Is it chiefly about the dog or about the people?

Columbus

Would you call this poem a ballad or simply a narrative poem? Why?

What words used repeatedly make you see clearly the strong will and the courage of Columbus?

Fido's Little Friend

Which of the other animal stories in this book is this one most like? Point out points of likeness.

VOCABULARY

Accomplices, fellow criminals.
Accumulating, gathering.
Afflicted, troubled.
Alternate, every second one.
Ambled, walked easily.
Analysis, division into parts.
Analyze, to divide, as a sentence into its parts of speech, etc.
Aphides, pronounced (aph-ī'-dez), a species of ants.
Aspasia, a famous Grecian beauty.
Assembled, gathered together.
Assured, told.

Badinage, witty talk, back and forth.
Bankrupt, unable to pay one's debts.
Benevolent, kindly.
Bewildering, confusing.
Blustering, making a great fuss.
Brethren of the Misericordia, priests who read service at funerals.
Brooded, thought sadly.
Brusquely, sharply, roughly.

Capacity, width, room.
Challenge, defy, dare.
Cherubim, angels (plural of *cherub*).
Cinchona, a tree common in South America. The medicine *quinine* is made from its bark.
Compounds, mixtures.
Condescending, consenting graciously.
Confederates, partners.
Conference, meeting.
Conjurer, one who plays tricks.
Consolation, comfort.
Conviction, belief.
Coquettish, flirting.
Corporal, bodily.
Cortez, a celebrated Spanish explorer.
Countenance, face.
Crestfallen, humbled.
Culprit, the guilty one.

Dais, raised platform.
Dame's school, a primary school, kept by a woman.
Delilah, a Philistine beauty who won the heart of Samson in the Bible story.
Delirious, "out of his head."
Descending, going down.
Determination, force.
Devoutness, religious earnestness.
Dilated, enlarged.
Disappeared, went out of sight.
Discreet, wise.
Dislocated, put out of joint.
Dispatched, sent.
Dominion, control.

Ecstasy, great pleasure.
Ecstatic, showing much feeling.
Eloquence, fine talk.
Equipage, carriages, etc.

Etiquette, rules of manners.
Evidence, proof.
Exceeding, very great.
Experience, what had happened to them.
Extracted, pulled out.

Faculties, powers of mind.
Fidelity, faithfulness.
Firmament, the wide space in which the stars are fixed, the heavens.
Forfeited, given up in punishment.
Franc, a French coin, worth about twenty cents.
Frantic, wild.
Frivolous, of little importance.
Fyste, a little dog.

Galvanic, electric.
Gambol, play.
Gamin, a small street boy.
Generations, beginnings in order.
Glaive, sword.
Goblin, a mischievous spirit, usually ugly to look at.
Gourd, a vegetable somewhat like a squash, also a cup made of a gourd.
Guile, deceit.

Hermit, one who lives alone, usually applied to those who live apart for religious reasons.
Hoary, gray.
Homage, honor.
Horticulture, gardening.
Hospitable, friendly.
Hovering, moving about close by.
Huanacos, small humped burden bearing animals.
Hypocrisy, pretending to be better than one is.
Hysterically, with wild joy.

Ilex, a variety of oak.
Illustrious, famous, used as a polite form of address.
Impeachment, charges.
Implicates, calls also guilty.
Inflicted, given.
Ingenuity, skill.
Inopportune, at the wrong time.
Inquisitive, questioning.
Intenseness, great eagerness.
Invaluable, too good to be measured.
Invisible, that cannot be seen.
Irritation, anger.

Jocund, glad, joyous.

Laudable, deserving praise.
Leonine, lion-like.
Levees, parties, receptions.
Livid, black and blue.
Llama, animals like the huanacos (see *huanacos*).
Loathed, had great disgust.
Luxuriant, growing richly.

Maize, Indian corn.
Malady, sickness.
Malicious, bad, spiteful.
Maltreating, abusing.
Mavis and Merle, names of birds.
Mede, the king's enemies.
Meditation, thoughts.
Melancholy, sad.
Menagerie, an animal show.
Menial, humble.
Meningitis, a disease of the brain.
Miraculous, wonderful.
Mutinous, rebellious.

Oca and mashua, Peruvian plants.
Orient, Eastern.
Or San Michele, the church on the street where Lolo lived.

Pacify, quiet.
Palatable, good to eat.
Pall, woolen cloth.
Pampered, petted.
Parachute, an object like a big umbrella in which balloonists come down safely.
Passport, permission to pass.
Peremptory, giving positive orders.
Pestilence, any dreadful disease, attacking many.
Phalanx, an order of battle in squares.
Pirouetting (pronounced *pē-rū-ĕt-ting*), whirling on the toes.
Popinjay, a parrot.
Popularity, being generally liked.
Pound, a coin, a definite weight.
Proceeded, came.
Prostration, lying on the face in token of worship.
Providence, God.
Pursue, follow up.

Rapture, great joy.
Rations, food supply.
Reconciled, had come to like them.
Reef knot, a sailor's hard knot.
Repine, be sorry.
Retaliate, pay back.
Rowen, grass.

Sacristan, a sexton.
Sagacity, keen sense.
Salon, room.
Sanctified, blessed.
Santo Spirito, a famous church.
Sarcastically, as if he did not mean it.
Solution, finding out.
Strategy, science of warfare.
Substitute, one who takes another's place.
Subtile, subtle, deceitful.
Suffocation, smothering.
Swaggering, talking noisily.
Sylph, fairy.

Thatch, straw used for a roof.
Tractable, easily controlled.
Transparent, clear like glass.
Triumphant, victorious.
Twig, understand.
Tyranny, cruel control.

Ulloco, a South American plant, somewhat like a potato.
Universal, found everywhere.
Unnerved, disheartened, having lost his "nerve."
Unutterable, that cannot be told.
Usurper, one who unlawfully takes another's place.

Vair, squirrel fur.
Vest, garment.
Veteran, old fighter.
Vibrated, wagged.
Vindictive, revengeful.
Void, empty, vacant.
Voluntarily, without being asked.
Volunteered, joined the army of their own will.

Wanton, without reason.
Wavering, moving unsteadily from side to side.
Winsome, charming.
Wold, open plain.
Won'd, dwelt.

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